

# THE GEOGRAPHIC

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WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS  
"The Sign of the Picture Dealer Gervais" and  
"Blind Man's Buff"

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Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain left London on Tuesday morning to embark on board the *Good Hope* at Portsmouth. Rear-Admiral Fawkes conducted them on board. At the gangway there were assembled the captain, commander, and all the ship's officers to receive them. Mr. Chamberlain shook hands with the captain and the commander, the rest of the officers saluting him.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA: GOING ON BOARD THE "GOOD HOPE"

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

## Topics of the Week

**Home**  
**Politics in**  
**Germany**

IF people in this country are weary of the debates and wrangling on the Education Bill, how must it be with the Germans, who, for the better part of the year, have thought and talked of little else—so far as domestic politics are concerned—than the interminable Tariff Bill? The worst of it is that nobody can yet be sure that there will be any practical result for the scores of set debates and hundreds of divisions of which the Reichstag has been the theatre. It will be remembered that the Imperial Government elaborated last spring a new Tariff, in which an effort was made to please the Clericals and Agrarians in the Reichstag by means of increased duties on the necessities of life. The scheme, however, pleased nobody. The Socialists and Liberals denounced it with all the vehemence that our own anti-Corn Law agitators employed sixty years ago, when they set out in their crusade against the oppressive economic policy of the day. The Agrarians, severely tried by foreign competition, recognised no sufficient protection in Count Von Buelow's concessions, and declared that the Tariff would spell ruin to them. The Clerical Centre was divided according as its members were industrial or agricultural in their sympathies and interests. The Commission to which the Tariff Bill was in due course submitted endeavoured to effect a compromise, with the result that it produced a Bill which still left all the parties dissatisfied and dissatisfied the Government as well. Nevertheless, with the exception of the extreme Agrarians, led by Herr Von Wangenheim, and the extreme Free Traders, led by Herr Richter and Herr Singer, most of the parties in the House resolved to make the best of the measure as it had emerged from the hands of the Commission. For weeks past they have been discussing, point by point, the nine hundred odd details of the Bill, the while the Socialists, with their eye on the efflux of Parliament next June, and with the consciousness that a General Election would be fatal to the whole basis of Count Von Buelow's Tariff legislation, have been practising an obstruction worthy of the best days of Mr. Biggar and his following of Irish patriots. During the past fortnight the majority have managed to deal with the obstructionists by abolishing the system of voting by roll-call and substituting voting papers instead, and by a sort of guillotine process by which a single resolution gets rid of a whole class of amendments without discussion. These reforms have struck a very serious blow at Parliamentary privileges, and they are the graver inasmuch as it is not certain that they will serve any useful purpose. Count Von Buelow has over and over again warned the majority that all the trouble they are taking will be in vain, for the Tariff, as they are remoulding it, will not be sanctioned by the Federal Council. Why, then, it may be asked, does he permit them to waste their time? His object, no doubt, is to allow them to get near to the General Elections, and then to propose to them a compromise which, in view of the certainty that the country will throw out the Protectionist policy, they will be only too glad to accept. It remains to be seen whether this calculation will be justified. At any rate, the negotiations which have so far been attempted have ignominiously failed.

**Naval and**  
**Military**  
**Marksmanship**

AFTER a very prolonged and tough struggle between the advocates of "leaving well alone" and those who aspired to make well better, it is now pretty well agreed that neither the sailor nor the soldier deserves to be ranked as efficient unless he can shoot straight. Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Arnold Forster are not less strenuous in pressing that point on behalf of the Navy than Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener are when delivering professional allocutions to the Army. After all, too, this consolidation of authoritative opinion rests on solid common sense. Where is the profit of furnishing fighting men with almost ideally perfect weapons, if they are not taught how to use these tools to the best advantage? A master-carpenter who takes apprentices does not at once employ them on delicate or difficult work; he begins by teaching them the best methods of employing the implements of their handicraft. That, too, was the sensible plan adopted by the now famous Captain Scott when he discovered that the gunners of his great ship could not shoot straight. He recognised that they merely needed education, and in a very short time that process raised their skill to such a high level that they served as an example for the entire Navy. In the case of rifle-shooting, nerves and eyesight have to be made account with, but with great guns physical defects do not tell to nearly the same extent. It is a question, however, whether the British soldier's precision of fire at long ranges would not be considerably enhanced by the substitution of a telescopic sight for the ordinary sight on his splendid weapon. Military

opinion is still divided on that point, but the gravitation of judgment appears to be in the direction of making the change.

**British**  
**Cotton-**  
**Growing**

THE movement set on foot in Lancashire some months ago for promoting cotton-growing within the Empire has already accomplished considerable success. Practical experiments are to be forthwith started in Sierra Leone and the Gambia, with the hearty concurrence of both Governments, which have promised to render every assistance. Both the soil and climate are believed to be admirably adapted for successful cultivation with American seed, while there should not be much difficulty about labour in such thickly peopled countries. The natives are, it is true, of such philosophic temperament that they prefer to dispense with additional comforts rather than work for their attainment. But in other parts of Africa, especially in the Uganda Protectorate and on Lake Nyasa, this constitutional indolence is much less obstinate than used to be the case, and there seems no reason why the same change should not gradually occur in West Africa. The Soudan is another promising part of the Dark Continent to which Lancashire looks for relief from the anxieties consequent on its chief present source of supply being so dominated by gambling monopolists. Nor are the West Indies overlooked, while a great traveller recently gave a description of enormous tracts in Honduras, which, in his opinion, might be turned to account. But it is needless to specify this or that area; the Empire includes such infinite varieties of soil and climate that there must be many parts, not too inaccessible, suitable for the production of raw cotton sufficient for all the mills in Lancashire without an American supply.

**The Port**  
**of**  
**London**

FORMAL notice has been given that the Board of Trade will promote in Parliament next year a Private Bill to deal with the Port of London on the lines suggested in the report of the recent Royal Commission. There is one great advantage in procedure by Private Bill, that it enables witnesses to be examined and the whole matter to be thrashed out in a manner that is impossible with the ordinary procedure of the House of Commons. In the present case thorough discussion by competent persons is of the utmost importance. The interests at stake are mainly commercial, and the opinions of commercial men are consequently far more important than the opinions of politicians. One of the main difficulties that will have to be dealt with is the question of raising the capital required to buy out the various interests which must be amalgamated and to deepen the bed of the river. The Royal Commission proposed that this difficulty should be surmounted by calling upon the London County Council to guarantee a loan. This would naturally involve the assignment to the Council of very large powers of control, and already very strong objections have been expressed in the City to any such arrangement. Commercial men very reasonably object to having the interests of the Port of London controlled by a body which is dependent on a popular, and, to a large extent, on a working-class vote. The proceedings of the Council in connection with its Works Department do not inspire confidence in the ability of that body to control a great industrial undertaking, and there is a strong movement in the City to refuse any aid from the County Council, lest it should entail a dangerous power of control. There is good reason, moreover, to believe that the financial difficulty has been to some extent exaggerated. Much of the capital required will not be new capital; it will be merely a transference of capital from separate dock companies to a combined Port Trust, and such a transference need not involve any appeal to the money market. The only new capital that will be required is a sum of about seven millions for dredging and other works. A properly constituted Port Trust should surely be able to raise this sum on reasonable terms in the City of London without seeking any assistance from the ratepayers of the metropolis. After all that has been said about the alleged decline of London's trade, London is still the largest port in the world, and the shipping that enters it still continues to increase even more rapidly than in most of the other ports of the kingdom. If the business of the port is managed on strictly business lines, there is no reason whatever why the additional facilities which it is now proposed to create should not pay for themselves.

### "A NIGHT IN A THIEVES' KITCHEN."

An Illustrated Account of a G.P. Man's Adventures, appears in this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTIE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IN a comment on the recent announcement of the sale of Whitestock Hall, I see it stated that it is the house that Romney "built for himself in his more affluent days." This, I am inclined to think, can hardly be the case, as I believe it was built by the great artist's son, the Rev. John Romney, from his own designs in 1806—that is, four years after his father's death. When George Romney went North he was in very feeble health, and he resided only at Kendal, where he died just a century ago this very month. It is extraordinary that among the painter's enthusiastic admirers this fact has not been called especial attention to. Whitestock Hall is a very pleasant residence, not far from Rusland, and almost midway between the southern ends of the lakes of Conistone and Windermere. It is well removed from railways, and you reach it by means of a very pretty drive of about ten or twelve miles from Ulverston. I have many pleasant recollections of that drive and of the hospitable mansion at the end of it. It was there that I had the honour of being introduced to a delightful old lady—Miss Elizabeth Romney—the last surviving grandchild of the notable portrait painter, and had the pleasure of inspecting leisurely the large collection of paintings, studies and sketches, many of which figured in the notable sale at Christie's in 1894. Miss Romney was an enthusiastic admirer of the genius of her grandfather, and had an accurate knowledge of his work.

It is to be hoped by the time we have another great procession through our city the letters of seats will have learnt wisdom. It is an extraordinary thing that the experiences of the first and second Jubilees and the Coronation failed to teach it to them. Any barrister will tell you that the very worst kind of witness is one who is over-willing, because they always say too much. This was the case with the proprietors of seats; they said too much—they said what the seats were for. This was quite a work of supererogation, and in the end proved disastrous. What they should have said should have been this:—"These seats are to be let on a certain day, and our price is so much per seat, and on that day you may come and sit in them from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon." Had this course been taken there could have been no possible dispute, and whether there had been a procession or not the proprietors of the seats would have had their money.

"Everything comes to those who know how to wait." I am again convinced of the truth of this saying by the perusal of the catalogue of a secondhand bookseller, and, nowadays, these catalogues are about the most amusing books you can read. But to return to my catalogue. I read therein the other day, amid the various volumes for sale:—"London Bridge. Shall London Bridge be widened, or shall a new bridge be built near the Tower? By E. J. Webb and J. Holland. Map. 94pp. 8vo, sewed, 1s. 1877." We have waited five-and-twenty years, and both these proposals are very nearly carried out. The Tower Bridge has long ago been an accomplished fact, and though I am by no means in love with its appearance, I have no doubt it is a very useful institution. They are hard at work at the present time at London Bridge, and we shall soon be within a measurable distance of seeing the widening completed. By the way, since they seem determined not to use the river above bridge for passenger steamers, why don't they establish some of the old mill-wheels at the bridges? The amount of power that is thrown away here by not putting the stream and the tides in harness is something enormous.

In a recent number of the *Gentlewoman* I notice the versatile and amusing Miss Hebe quotes some verses that she has had sent her by a correspondent. They are a set of nursery rhymes, beginning "Tommy (I think it should be 'Baby') sat in the window seat." I have known this set since the days of my boyhood and consider them the most uproariously comic nursery rhymes ever invented. I have continually quoted them to countless children, who have rapidly learnt them by heart and take the keenest delight in repeating them. They originally appeared in a brilliant little periodical called the *Month*, which was edited by Albert Smith and illustrated by John Leech. The complete volume is now very rare, and I should be particularly obliged if the Beast (with a capital B) who borrowed my copy some years ago would return it without further delay. I should also be very glad if anyone could tell me the name of the author of the rhymes alluded to.

It must have been four years ago, in this column, that I ventured to question the superiority of the literary talent of the recent times, and, on the spur of the moment, I drew out haphazard a list of names of the Sixties that I said it would be impossible to match in the Nineties. Without attempting to controvert my facts I was considerably reviled by various persons. I was called an ignoramus, dubbed a pessimist, and written down a silly ass. For all that, I was not alone in my opinion. Some months afterwards the Dean of Canterbury preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey, in which he said that he thought "the century was going out in a period of national mediocrity, and that the poets, the orators, the historians, the men of letters, the preachers, the men of science of the day could not compare with those we honoured in our youth." Things do not seem to have mended at the present moment, for Sir Edward Clarke, in his recent interesting and refreshing lecture at the Working Men's College, said, "There had been no book produced in the last ten years which could compare with any one of the books produced from 1850 to 1860." This is outspoken, but, I fear, terribly true, notwithstanding the wholesale lading out of unlimited melted butter by irrepressible boomers.



## Paris Gittings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

PARIS has been plunged in midwinter. As a rule, at this season of the year wet, muggy weather, a sort of inferior imitation of the climate of the British metropolis, is chiefly prevailing. But last week freezing weather and whirling snowstorms were the order of the day. The Champs Elysées were white from end to end, and as deserted as a cemetery, no one who could help it caring to face the bitter winds that sweep down the two miles of that magnificent avenue. The cold even drove that most conservative of Parisian institutions, the Compagnie des Omnibus, to heat its vehicles, though, according to the regulations, the date for this is December 1. And when the omnibus company breaks through its cast-iron regulations things must be had indeed. The cold snap was rendered the more unwelcome by the fact that, thanks to the coal strike, the price of coal is at about three pounds a ton.

Winter has brought with it an innovation little to the taste of the Parisians. The overhead trolley has made its appearance within our walls, and has even penetrated to the heart of the city—the Place de l'Opéra. This invasion is due to the Métropolitain—the Paris "Twopenny Tube," or, to speak more correctly, the "Three-ha'penny Tube," for three sous is the modest price charged for the journey in the French capital. The "Metro," as our French friends call it, is running a new line down the rue de Quatre Septembre, and the works interfered with the electrical supply of the tramway line. This was furnished by what the French call *plats*—a series of steel circles let into the ground at intervals. As these horrible things killed a horse a day, and occasionally electrocuted a French citizen, the Parisians regard their disappearance with complete equanimity. It is not the same, however, with the overhead trolley. The Parisian is jealous of the beauty of his city, and nothing can render a row of iron pillars and the overhead wires aesthetic. The Prefect of the Seine has solemnly promised that the installation is only temporary, and has declared that as soon as the work on the Métropolitain is finished they will disappear, and that when they are gone, the tramways will be driven by accumulators so as to get rid of the deadly *plats*. The Parisian, however, is sceptical by nature and remembers the aphorism of Alphonse Karr, "*Rien ne dure comme le provisoire*." However, it must be admitted that the tramway company has given an earnest of its good intention by erecting plain iron posts that look like telegraph poles and are so hopelessly ugly that they will certainly not be allowed to disfigure the street one hour after the necessity for them has disappeared.

Balzac at last has his monument in the French capital! For years past the Balzac committee have furnished the spectacle of good men struggling with adversity. Their first difficulty was to collect the necessary money. This was happily overcome, and the next question was the choice of a sculptor. Rodin was finally selected and set to work. Month after month, year after year passed, but there were no signs of the statue. Rodin began one study after another, worked on it two or three months, and then pulled it to pieces and started afresh. But as all human affairs have an end even Rodin finished by finding the idea he was seeking, and the statue was completed and exhibited in the Salon four years ago. Nothing could have exceeded the derision of the public. A shriek of laughter saluted the work of the great sculptor. His Balzac was a huge formless mass, like a sack of flour on end, surmounted by a head. The committee was hastily summoned and decided that the work could not be accepted.

The great difficulty was that it had been paid for, and Rodin has earned fame but not money by his long artistic career. The matter was solved by a generous admirer of the great sculptor's talent coming forward and reimbursing the Committee. Rodin's Balzac is still in his studio at Meudon. There is no doubt that the public judgment was too harsh. Mark Twain once summed up Wagner's music by saying, "It is better than it sounds." In the same way Rodin's Balzac is better than it looks. One receives from the great shapeless mass an impression of force and power which is thoroughly in keeping with the character of the author of the "*Comédie Humaine*."

The committee then decided to entrust the work to Falguère. But here, again, they were almost shipwrecked. Before the work was completely ended the sculptor died. The statue, however, was so advanced that the little that remained to be done could be accomplished by his assistants. It was finally sent to the founders, and at last took its place on the pedestal in the Avenue Friedland. The committee's ill-luck, however, pursued it to the end. Last Sunday, the day of the unveiling, was bitterly cold. A tent was erected to shelter those taking part in the ceremony, and flaming *brasiers* were placed within it to render the temperature slightly less Siberian. This, however, restricted the number of those present to a mere handful, whereas, if the heavens had been more clement, they would have been counted by thousands. However, the main object was achieved—Balzac has his monument.

A debate in the Chamber a few days ago furnished an admirable object-lesson on the beauties of modern militarism. It is desired to construct a railway in the vicinity of Nancy. The utility of the new line is universally admitted, but its construction was opposed by the military authorities. The Minister of War was called on for explanations. He stated that the War Office was of opinion that this line might be used by the enemy in time of war. If it was constructed the military authorities would have to spend 600,000 francs in constructing fortifications to neutralise this advantage. As the War Office does not dispose of this sum it opposed the line. General André, however, declared that if the railway company will subscribe half a million francs to the construction of these fortifications the opposition will be withdrawn. This was agreed to, and the shareholders can now meditate on the blessings of the armed peace that Europe enjoys (?)

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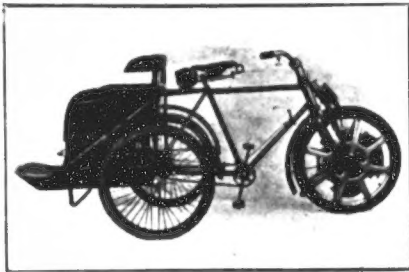
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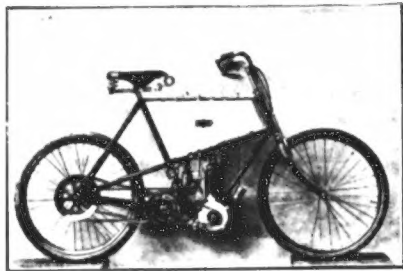
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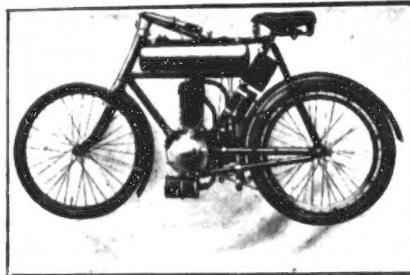
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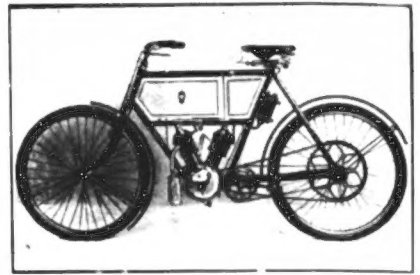
TRI-VOITURETTE  
Exhibited by the Singer Cycle Company



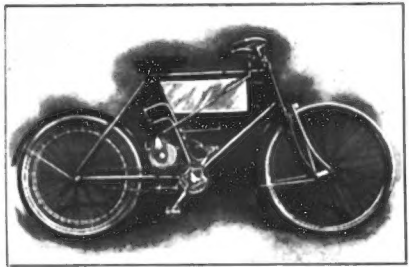
MOTOR-BICYCLE  
Exhibited by the Raleigh Cycle Company



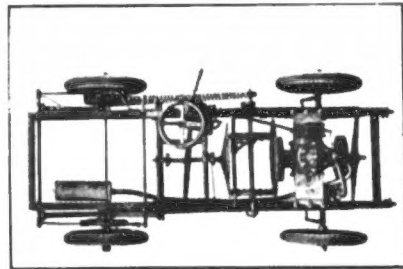
THE "BAT" MOTOR-BICYCLE  
Exhibited by the Batson's Patents Syndicate



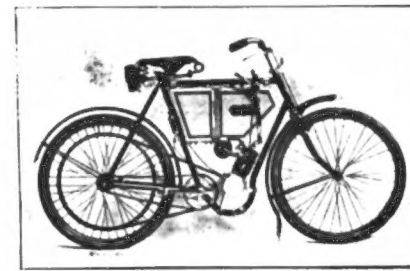
TWIN-CYLINDER MOTOR-BICYCLE  
Exhibited by the Princes Autocar Company



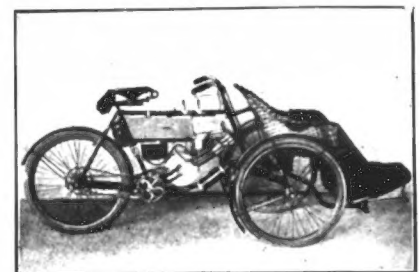
"CELERIPEDE" MOTOR-BICYCLE  
Exhibited by John L. Thomas



TONNEAU CAR  
Exhibited by the Nuremberg Union



MOTOR-BICYCLE  
Exhibited by the Quadrant Cycle Company



THE "OLYMPIA" MOTOR-TANDEM  
Exhibited by Humber, Limited

### Novelties at the Cycle Shows

AUTOMOBILISM is now so widely recognised as the coming thing, that even the cycle shows cater largely to its votaries. The full title of the National Show has been changed in order to include motor-vehicles, and even at the Stanley a room is set apart for cars, while motor-bicycles are seen all over the building, and this notwithstanding the fact that the Stanley Club proposes to hold an automobile show in Earl's Court in January. Except for the motor-bicycles, however, the displays of motor-vehicles are not large at either of the present shows, and the bulk of the automobile manufacturers will exhibit either at the Crystal Palace from January 30 to February 7, or at the Agricultural Hall in March.



ANDERSON'S CANOPY  
Exhibited by the Cycle Canopy Co.

The chief novelty in the way of automobiles at the National Show is the "Sunbeam," a nice car from ten to twelve h.p., with a four-cylinder motor, and on approved lines generally. The fact that a well-known cycle-making concern have gone in for building, not mere motor-bicycles, but expensive cars, is another indication of the onward sweep of the automobile movement. The price of the "Sunbeam" car is 500 guineas, at which it compares very favourably with other vehicles of the type; in fact, there is a fairly good supply of vehicles of that horse-power, but there are only one or two at anything near

the price quoted which have four-cylinder motors; and the four-cylinder motor, be it remembered, is regarded among experts as the acme of luxury in the way of smoothness of running.

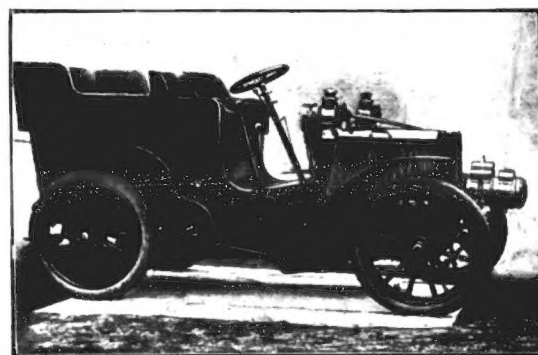
A foreign-made car seen for the first time in this country is the "Union," made at Nuremberg. It is on very novel lines, the transmission system being different from hitherto known methods; in a word, friction discs are employed instead of belts or cogs. Any rate of speed can be obtained between a maximum and a minimum, and, provided the car can be shown to be satisfactory in other respects, it will solve the vexed problem of how to produce a variable gear. The motor is of seven h.p., with a single cylinder, and runs at 500 revolutions a minute.

Of the motor-bicycles on view, one of the most interesting is the "Quadrant," which aims at being the simplest to drive of any on the market, almost every operation being performed by a single lever. A new contact-maker has also been embodied in the 1903 model. In this device the ordinary trembler is discarded, and it is claimed that the ignition spark is never-failing. The "Bat" motor-bicycle is also an interesting newcomer, which has set several track records to its credit, and covered 228 miles 250 yards within six hours just previously to the opening of the show. The "Rex" motor-bicycle is shown in 2½-h.p. and 3-h.p. patterns, and the latter is fitted with water cooling apparatus. The "Raleigh" motor-bicycle has been altered since last year, the motor being now placed vertically in front of the bottom bracket. The workmanship of this machine is up to "Raleigh" reputation, and therefore super-excellent. The Singer Co. show their "motor wheel" adapted to several forms of bicycles and tricycles. A novel exhibit is the tri-voiturette, which takes the form of a governess cart, in which the usual single seat is replaced by a double-seated coach-built body, with a door behind.

At the Stanley Show the array of motor-bicycles is very comprehensive. The "Ariel" is shown for the first time, and makes a satisfactory impression, the design and workmanship being very sound. The motor is of the vertical type, placed well in front of the crank-bracket, and is of two h.p. The "Enfield" motor-cycles are shown in three forms, each on a different method, and all three new as compared with previous patterns. The most interesting is



PHENIX TRIMO MOTOR-TANDEM  
Exhibited by J. van Hooydonk



A "SUNBEAM" 12-H.P. CAR  
Exhibited by John Marston, Limited

the chain-driven type, with a 2½ h.p. vertical engine, to which water-cooling has been added. The machine is very strongly built, and is one of the best things on the market.

The "Princes" motor-bicycle is shown in a two-cylinder form of four-h.p.; the weight, however, is stated to be only 108lb. in the belt-driven pattern, and 112lb. in the chain-driven example. The "Humber" motor-bicycles are all chain-driven, with motors of 1½ h.p. and 2½ h.p. at option. A motor has also been fitted to the well-known "Olympia" tandem.

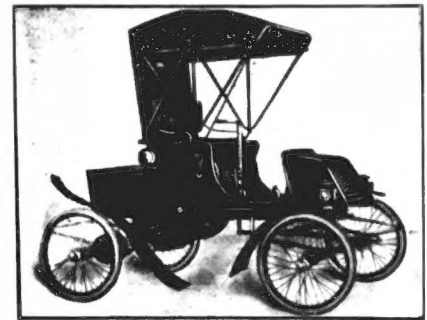
One of the best-known motor-bicycles, the "Phoenix," is now shown in a form to which the name of "Trimo" has been given. A wicker chair is fitted in front, supported on springs, and well stayed by a pair of tubes extending to the rear of the machine. A passenger can thus be carried, or the chair may be removed and the machine used as a single tricycle; while a third option is that of removing the double fore-carriage and substituting a single wheel, the machine thus becoming an ordinary motor-bicycle. The "Celeripede" motor-bicycle is shown with a special anti-vibration attachment to the front forks. The Bradbury Company have a neat attachment for converting a motor-bicycle into a tandem.

The Cycle Canopy Co. exhibit the Anderson patent canopy, an appliance which can be fitted to any form of cycle or motor-car, or even to boats, traps, and tents. The canopy can be used as a protection either against the sun or rain, and in a favourable wind can even be used as a sail.

Of motor-cars there are very few at the National Show, but the "Rambler" is a Transatlantic importation of interest. It is of the "Runabout" type, with a six-h.p. motor, and though petrol-driven has very much the appearance of the American light steam car.

### The Graphic Xmas No.

THE GRAPHIC Christmas Number presents a very attractive appearance this year. On its cover appears an admirable reproduction in colours of "The Laughing Cavalier" of Franz Hals, while two fine coloured supplements given away with it are Romney's beautiful portrait of Lady Craven and a picture by Cecil Aldin, "Snowed Up in the Coaching Days," showing a merry party making the best of things at a wayside inn. The stories include contributions from Henry Seton Merriman, Eden Phillpotts, H. B. Marriott-Watson, J. A. Barry, Roma White, Mrs. Stepney Rawson, and S. Baring-Gould, while Mr. Hardy appears with a characteristic



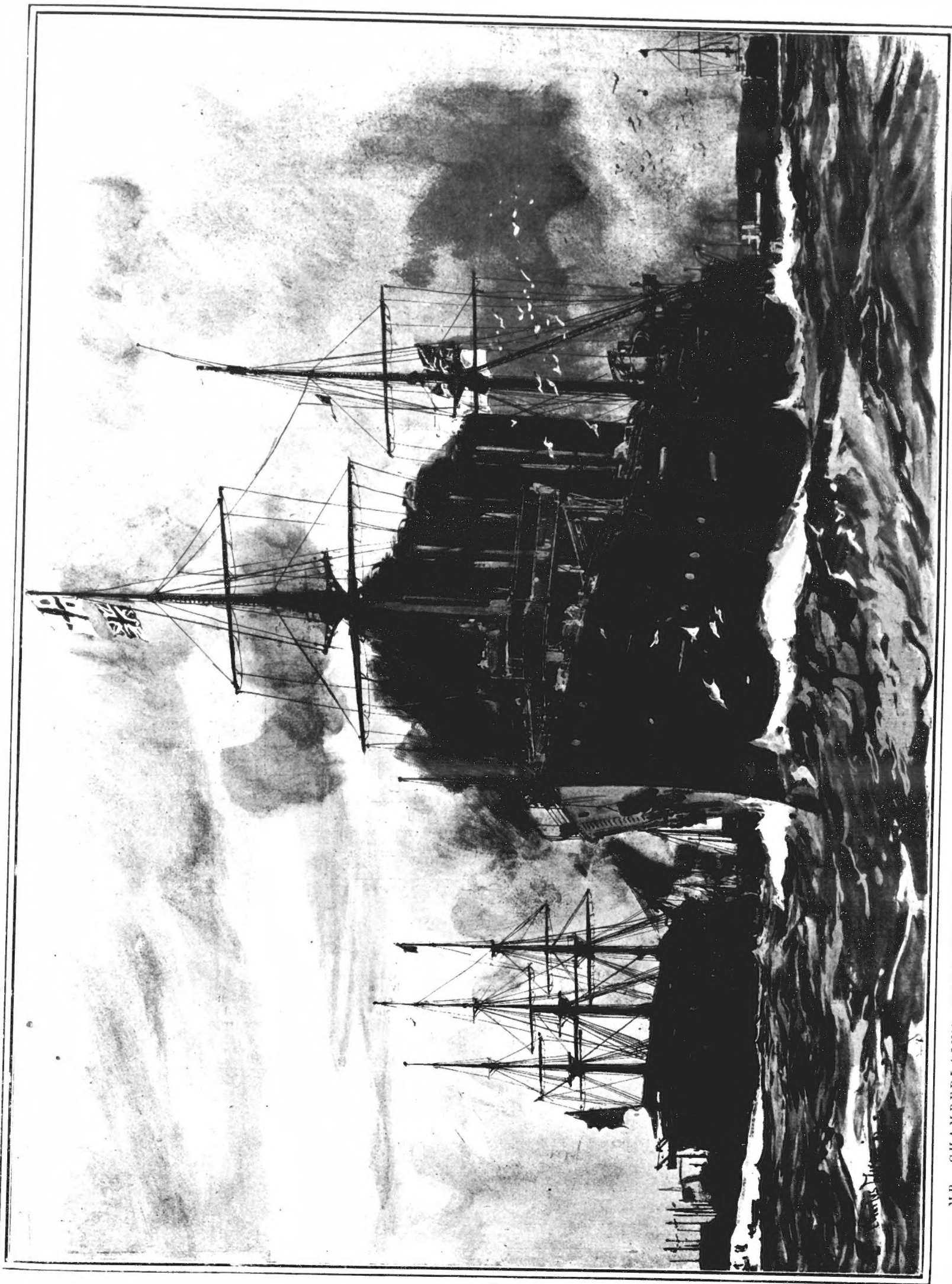
THE "RAMBLER" AUTOMOBILE  
Exhibited by Messrs. Davis, Allen and Co.

poem. The artists whose work goes to make up an excellent number are Seymour Lucas, Frank Craig, Reginald Cleaver (who tells an amusing tale in a series of clever sketches), A. Guillaume, C. Napier-Hemy, Claude Shepperson, John Hassall, Tom Browne (whose tale of a cycle boat is infinitely amusing), W. Ralston (who parodies the days of chivalry in delightful fashion), and Mr. H. M. Brock, while the reproduction of the famous old ballad of "Lord Bateman," with Cruikshank's illustrations, makes a capital page. As of old, the number is printed in colours throughout.

### The New English Art Club

IN the little Dudley Gallery the twenty-ninth exhibition of the New English Art Club testifies to the vitality of the reformers. It is a curious effect that the exhibition has upon the visitor, for, as he gazes round the walls, he realises that the New English Clubman usually sees nature all flecks and fuss, and that, with perhaps a single exception, all the women worth painting are extremely ugly. Why is this? Prettiness, assuredly, is a poor thing to dwell upon; but it does not improve the effect of a good technique to render the female face and form as invested only with—as Courbet put it—the beauty of ugliness. But there are things that must here be noticed. We observe that the clever young painter, Mr. Orpen, is painting with greater breadth, as in the school "Study of a Man Recumbent." We see that a very able new painter, Mr. A. E. John, makes his appearance with a strong and personal portrait of "Signorina Estelle Cerutti," of which the chief fault is that the colour lacks luminosity. We rejoice in some of the landscapes of Mr. Muirhead, of Mr. Mark Fisher, of Mr. Henry (who shows striking improvement), of Mr. Hartrick with his Turneresque "Undiscovered Country." But in some of the best pictures some striking defect spoils the general effect. Thus in Mr. Orpen's "Chess-players," the man on the left, stilted and stiff, ruins the composition. He looks like an after-thought, one of those second thoughts that are always worst. But the Club is unconventional; and even if it does not quite succeed in doing what it wants, it does good service in its capacity of a stereotyped Protest-against-Principle against retrogression and the commonplace.

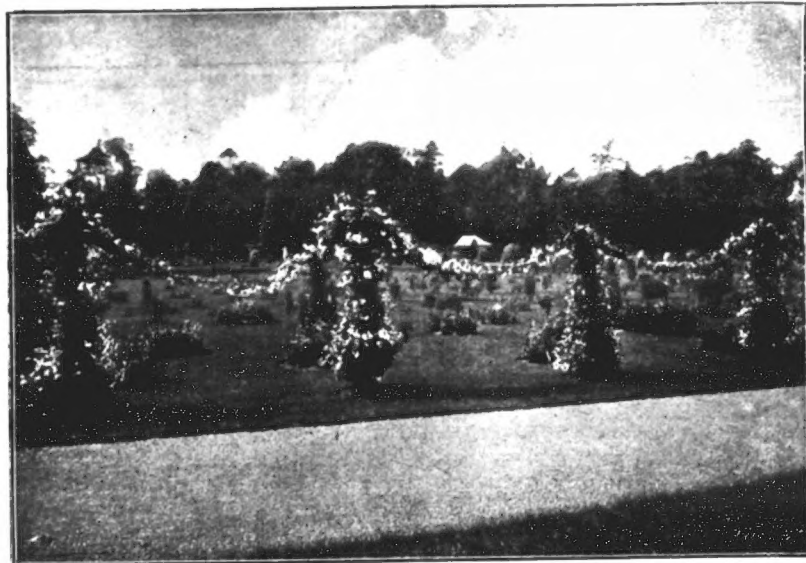




MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA: H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE" PASSING OUT OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR  
DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.



VIEW TREE AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH



THE ROSE GARDEN

## The Court

BOTH the Royal visits to our Court are now over, leaving many pleasant memories. The King of Portugal's stay was just as free from State ceremonies as Emperor William's visit, and the same amusements were provided—shooting and theatricals. Dom Carlos is even more enthusiastic about sport than the German Sovereign, and he greatly enjoyed his shooting in Windsor Park, where the game-bag reached some 1,000 head daily. King Edward accompanied his Royal guest each day, Prince Christian generally joined the party, while the Dukes of Connaught and Fife were in time for the last day's shoot. Sometimes their Majesties and their companions lunched at the hunting lodge, Cranborne Tower, and on other days a tent was erected for the meal, the Queen and Princesses coming down several times to lunch with the sportsmen. Queen Alexandra, however, has suffered from a cold, so could only be present occasionally. Guests were going and coming at the Castle throughout King Carlos's visit, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Prince Louis of Battenberg staying from Friday to Monday, while the Prince of Wales arrived from the North on Saturday. Large dinner-parties took place nightly, a military band playing during dinner, and one evening there was a performance of *Quality Street* by the Vaudeville Company, the King and Queen inviting a large number of guests for the performance. As usual, the Waterloo Chamber served as theatre, and very brilliant it looked under the new system of electric lighting introduced since the last performance in Queen Victoria's time. Scarlet and gold was the scheme of colour in the decorations, the stage curtains being scarlet cloth with a gold valance, the chairs for the Royal party being covered in red silk and red poinsettias shining out from the masses of tall palms and chrysanthemums arranged in front of the stage and spectators. The Royal party sat in a semi-circle in the front row. After the performance the King and Queen

received Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks and Miss Marion Terry, while previously the Queen had been round to see the children of the company, who had been brought down to the Castle early in the afternoon. Her Majesty was specially interested in recognising some

guest—a musical ride by a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards. The ride took place in the Royal Riding School in the King's Mews on the south side of the Palace, where a special Royal room over the archway enables spectators to look on without being too near.

Twenty non-commissioned officers who had served in South Africa took part, all in full-dress uniform and carrying lances with red and white pennons. They rode splendid chargers, the leading animals being the only horses in the regiment which went through the Boer campaign and returned safely. The ride was beautifully executed, and greatly delighted the Royal spectators, King Edward calling up Captain Burt, who directed the manoeuvres, to congratulate him. Displays followed of sabre fencing, singlestick, and sword & sword by mounted troopers, before the Royal party left for Cumberland Lodge to lunch with Prince and Princess Christian. Next day the King of Portugal attended Mass at the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Edward, in Windsor, where some of the Roman Catholic soldiers from the garrison lined the porchway as a guard of honour when His Majesty left. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, with the Royal Family and their guests, attended Divine Service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle, the Vicar of Windsor preaching; as the Dean was ill, and after service the King took Dom Carlos over St. George's and the Albert Memorial Chapel. In the afternoon the King and Queen showed their guest the Royal Mausoleum and gardens at Frogmore, while a large farewell dinner-party closed the evening. By this time Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and Mr. Brodrick had left, their places being taken by Mr. Balfour and Mr. George Wyndham, with the Countess Grosvenor, King Edward giving audiences to all the Ministers.



LORD LONSDALE AT A DEER DRIVE

of the little ones who had already played before Royalty when *Bluebell* was acted at Sandringham some time ago.

Saturday brought a fresh form of entertainment for the Royal

The party at the Castle broke up on Monday, when their Majesties and their guests came up to town. All were bound for Norfolk, for King Carlos was on his way to visit Lord and Lady Amherst of Hackney at Diddington Hall for the shooting—reckoned among the best in Norfolk. King Edward went on to



THE COUNTESS'S GARDEN



THE ROCK GARDEN

THE PARK AND GROUNDS OF LOWTHER CASTLE, WHERE LORD LONSDALE ENTERTAINED THE GERMAN EMPEROR

From Photographs by E. Fowler Richards, Penrith



Castle Rising to stay with Lord Farquhar, the Queen, with Princess Victoria, returned to Sandringham, and the Prince of Wales travelled to Elvedon to stay with Lord and Lady Iveagh also for shooting. King Edward and the Prince rejoin the Queen and family at Sandringham at the end of the week, when another house-party will assemble to keep Queen Alexandra's birthday on Monday. Except for a flying visit or two to town on business, the King will remain with the Queen in Norfolk until after the Christmas holidays, so that the Court will not be in residence again either at Windsor or at Buckingham Palace until the end of January next.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their daughters, have been staying in town to prepare for their Indian trip. They are due in Egypt on December 6, and the Duke performed one of his last public duties before leaving, by presiding on Saturday night at a "welcome home" dinner to the officers of the Scots Guards just returned from Africa. The Duke, it will be remembered, is Colonel of the regiment. Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her only daughter, Princess Ena, has been staying at Kingswear, Devon, to see her eldest son, Prince Alexander, who is a cadet on board the *Britannia*. During her visit she inspected the new Naval Hospital, at Dartmouth, in connection with the *Britannia*, and planted a tree in the grounds. The Princess also dined on board the *Britannia* with Captain and Mrs. O'Callaghan.

The German Emperor is home again from his English visit. He thoroughly appreciated his stay with Lord and Lady Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, having excellent sport and lovely autumn weather, which enabled him to see the beauties of the neighbourhood. He was out riding every morning before breakfast with his host, and the evening was generally devoted to music, country-dances being performed one evening at His Majesty's special request. He gave some handsome presents on his leaving—his host receiving the Order of the Prussian Crown and Lady Lonsdale a splendid gold, enamel and diamond bracelet containing the Emperor's portrait. On his way North to rejoin his yacht Emperor William paid Lord Rosebery a visit at Dalmeny, where he lunched and planted an oak tree in the "Royal Clump" to commemorate his visit. Escorted by Lord Rosebery and the German Ambassador His Majesty then drove to Hawes Pier, Queensferry, to embark on the *Hohenzollern*, which started under the escort of the German cruiser *Nymph* and the torpedo-destroyer *Sleipner* in the teeth of a gale to cross the North Sea homewards.

## Our Supplements

"THE SIGN OF THE PICTURE DEALER GERSAINT," BY WATTEAU

OF the few who proved themselves good friends of the great but melancholy master, Watteau, few were so loyal, or so helpful, as the picture dealer Gersaint, for whom in the last year or so of his life he produced the famous painting here shown, as a signboard for the art dealer.

The half now before the reader, like the other which used to back it (so as to form a complete signboard), is in the possession of the German Emperor, in the Altes Schloss, at Berlin, one of those



Who would believe it possible, if photography had not proved it, that the space of only two years would make so much difference? The Champ de Mars, where the Paris Exhibition stood is now a wilderness, with grass, shrubs and weeds growing so luxuriously that in some places they reach the shoulders of a man of middle height. It has rather the appearance of a virgin forest, and it is only the ruined Palais in the background that reminds one that the place was once a garden of the Exhibition. Our illustration shows some poor people who have come to gather food for their beasts.

TWO YEARS AFTER THE CLOSING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION

many examples of great painters devoting their brushes to the production of what some might call a mere trade advertisement. Not a few artists have painted the interior of picture galleries and picture shops, with many canvases hanging around, for it is a tempting thing for a clever artist to be able to exercise his talent in showing the ease with which he can deal with subjects in the various manners of many painters. Teniers painted many such. In the National Gallery we have the Dutch picture which used to be attributed to Breughel. At The Hague there is a similar picture by Coques, at the Louvre is another by Baetheur. Franz Franc, the younger, painted another which is in the Pitti Gallery, and everyone will remember "Las Meninas" by Velasquez. The list might be greatly extended were it necessary.

Watteau's picture, which unfortunately is not in that state of preservation which distinguishes many of the other possessions of the German Emperor, is painted in the floating manner which is distinctive of Watteau in his later years—a method in which he used much oil with his colour, which seemed consequently to float upon the canvas, but which, as the artist should have known, was likely to result in a serious darkening, and in a measure fading, consequent on lack of pigment and excess of medium. These pictures were for a while entirely lost to general knowledge, but at the time they were

executed, not only painters, but the general public, flocked to Gersaint's place of business, in order to see the work of the artist. He was even then in the grip of illness, which his visit to England so developed as to bring him to his grave a few months later.

"BLIND MAN'S BUFF," BY PATER

In this charming and dainty "Colin-Maillard" we rejoice in one of the most brilliant imitations of his master Watteau which Pater ever achieved. His colour is usually so much colder and heavier, his handling so much weaker, and his invention and imagination so thin in comparison with those of his great teacher, that visitors to the German Pavilion in the Rue des Nations at the last Paris Exhibition stood before this exquisite work with scarce less surprise than delight. Delicate in tone and light in touch it is fascinating in its way, although the composition shows no real ingenuity and little felicity. It is said in Germany that the two principal figures are supposed to represent Madame de Pompadour and Louis XV., but there seems to be little foundation for the story. On the whole, the picture may be said to rank with the artist's masterpieces, and, hanging as it does in the music-room at the Altes Schloss at Potsdam, it more than holds its own opposite the panels of Lancret.



At the High School for Girls at St. Louis a new permanent fire escape has been erected. It consists of a large cylinder which stands outside the building and is connected with it at each floor. The girls are shown in the left-hand illustration entering the escape from an upper floor. They sit down and slide down a polished spiral at the rate of 100 a minute. The above shows the girls coming out of the escape on the ground floor. Our illustrations are from photographs by G. G. Bain, New York.

A NOVEL FIRE ESCAPE JUST ERECTED AT ST. LOUIS

## The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

CONSIDERING the period of the year and the hardship of an Autumn Session the attendance at the House of Commons is marvellously maintained. Divisions on the Education Bill still show a muster of over three hundred. It must not be supposed that this figure indicates the size of the audience whilst the Bill is under discussion. Even then the attendance, more particularly on the Opposition side, is fairly full. On Monday the Chamber was thronged, some score or more members finding places in the side galleries, infallible indication of proceedings of exceptional interest. In converse of the ordinary state of things there were actually more members listening to the debate than went into the lobby to record their votes. Both for members on the floor of the House and strangers in the galleries there was double attraction. A question of Imperial importance—the Brussels Sugar Convention to wit—was to the front; and Mr. Chamberlain was expected to take part in the debate, being his last appearance on the Parliamentary boards before voyaging to South Africa.

For Ministers the occasion was embarrassing, not to say critical. The proposition they had to submit was to confirm an undertaking entered into at the Brussels Convention, the result of which would be materially to affect the Britisher's breakfast table. Having already increased the tax on corn, they had, subject to the approval of Parliament, entered upon an engagement that would inevitably send up the price of sugar. It was well known in the Whips' Room that if the prayer of Mr. Cust, the Conservative member for Birmingham, were granted and Ministerialists left to go as they pleased into the division lobby, the resolution approving the Convention would be negatived. The screw had been put on. An urgent Whip summoned the faithful. How many would kick over the traces?

The President of the Board of Trade, opening the debate, effectually minimised excitement already seething along the benches. He spoke for an hour and a half, in level tone, with slow enunciation, that sent at least one county member into a condition of turbulent sleep. Sir William Harcourt, who followed, greatly amused the House by his reference to this ponderous performance. In the course of his speech Mr. Gerald Balfour deprecated delivery by Sir William of a ponderous disquisition on Free Trade. "I am not going to do anything of the kind," said Sir William when his turn came, "I am going to attempt to rival the lively and concise speech we have just heard."

Sir William was refreshingly lively in the opening portions of his speech. But, getting into the groove of his voluminous notes, he plodded on till he came within a quarter of an hour of the length of time occupied by the President of the Board of Trade. Thus it came to pass that out of an assembly six hundred and seventy strong, each having equal right to take part in the debate, two speakers between them appropriated more than one-third of the whole available time.

The debate, thus overlain at its birth, never fully recovered. Everyone was waiting for Mr. Chamberlain, who deferred his intervention till half-past ten. Even he, supremest of debaters, fell appreciably short of his ordinary level and of general expectation. It is true his position was one of peculiar difficulty, but that is the very opportunity he is accustomed to seize for the delivery of his most effective speeches. At the commencement of his address, Sir William Harcourt had quoted passages from a Ministerial document which, standing alone, was sufficient to shrivel up the Government case and make the Convention impossible. It was dated 1881, and was signed by the President of the Board of Trade at that date. Then, as now, the question of this country's attitude towards the abolition of the Foreign Sugar Bounties was to the fore. In pitiless sentences, clear cut as the facets of a diamond, this document demonstrated the foolishness of voluntarily surrendering benefits conferred upon the British consumer by the Protectionist policy of Continental nations, and showed how, by taking such action, England would be dragged into dalliance with what was described as the pernicious policy of countervailing duties.

The writer of this document was Mr. Chamberlain, and the task he now had to accomplish was to show that what was hopelessly wrong in 1881 was unquestionably right in 1902. He did more than most men could in such predicament, but fell distinctly short of his average achievement in analogous dilemmas. In the division lobby the Government majority was brought down to eighty-seven, eight Ministerialists going the extreme length of voting against their leaders, whilst there was an ominous list of abstentions.

The way thus cleared, the week has been given up to further consideration of the Report stage of the Education Bill, which, with the assistance of the closure, nightly enforced, to-day (Friday) completes the Report stage. The third reading will be taken next week, and whilst the Lords are making short work of the Bill, the Commons will plunge into the London Water question.

## The Death of Herr Krupp

HERR FRIEDRICH ALFRED KRUPP, the great ironmaster, who died very suddenly from apoplexy at Essen, was born in 1854. He was the grandson of Friedrich Krupp, who founded the famous ironworks and gun factory in Westphalia, in 1810. Friedrich Krupp was, however, originally a wholesale grocer, and it was only after he had made a fortune in that business that he became an ironmaster. He introduced the manufacture of steel into Germany, and when he died in 1826 left his eldest son, the famous Alfred Krupp, a flourishing factory on a small scale. Alfred, who only employed seventy-two workmen in 1848, rapidly developed the business. He made a large fortune by a patent for the manufacture of wagon wheels, and this enabled him to launch

forth into gunnery. When he died in 1887 he employed 14,000 workmen and had supplied over 200,000 cannon to thirty-four Governments. He was succeeded in the business by his son Friedrich Alfred. Under his guidance the great industrial establishment has made enormous progress, and the number of men employed now at the works is 43,083, or including women and children, 150,000. The success of the Krupps was largely due to the fact that the town of Essen in which they were established is the centre of a great coal-mining district where upwards of 6,000,000 tons of coal are raised annually. On hearing of Herr Krupp's death the German Emperor telegraphed to the directors of the Company, saying:—

"The news of the unexpected death of your chief has deeply touched me. Providence placed Privy Councillor Krupp at the head of an undertaking which has won for itself a name far beyond the frontiers of the Fatherland. He regarded it as his life's task not only to maintain, but also to extend in a manner corresponding to its universal renown, the work bequeathed to him by his gifted father. His name is most intimately linked with the development of



THE LATE HERR F. A. KRUPP  
The Great German Ironmaster



MR. J. CATHCART WASON  
Re-elected M.P. for Orkney and Shetland

the iron industry, the manufacture of all kinds of arms, and modern defences, such as shipbuilding. In solicitude for his employés he was unexcelled, and he was a model for all. Therefore I feel most deeply, together with his staff and the thousands of his workmen, the loss of the deceased, who was most loyal in his patriotic sentiments."

"WILHELM, I.R."

## A New M.P.

MR. JOHN CATHCART WASON, who resigned his seat as a Unionist for the Orkney and Shetland constituency and has now been re-elected as an Independent Liberal, is the fourth son of the late Mr. Peter Rigby Wason, of Corwar, Ayrshire, and a grandson of Mr. Peter McTier, a Galloway farmer. He is fifty-four years of age, and after receiving education at Laleham and Rugby, emigrated to the Antipodes, and spent a large part of his active life in New Zealand, where he successfully carried on the business of a farmer. After his return to this country he settled down in Ayrshire, and some fifteen years since was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. He offered himself at the last General Election for Orkney and Shetland, and succeeded in defeating Sir Leonard Lyell, who had represented the constituency since 1885. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

## Royal Scots Fusiliers' Memorial

At Ayr, a memorial to the officers and men of the regiment



who were killed in action or died of disease in the recent campaigns in which the regiment has taken part has been unveiled, in the presence of Lord Eglinton and Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter. The memorial is in the form of a bronze statue of a private of the corps. On the granite pedestal are inscribed the names of the 224 officers and men whose services the memorial commemorates. The statue was designed by T. Brock, R.A., and was exhibited in the Royal Academy; and the memorial was got up by a committee of which Colonel E. C. Browne was chairman.

## The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

### "A MARRIED WOMAN"

THE theme of Mr. Frederick Fenn's new play, brought out on Monday evening for the first time in London at the THEATRE METROPOLE, Camberwell, with the title of *A Married Woman*, is the wrongs of a young and beautiful wife at the hands of a dissolute and tyrannical husband. Cicely Kent has contrived to obtain, by consent, a separation from her undesirable partner, Geoffrey Kent, who has allotted to her use his residence in town; but Kent, a prey to jealousy and suspicion, still persecutes her with his unwelcome visits, till, at last, Mrs. Kent and her devoted friend, Lady Muriel Carroll, resolve to take flight, like Rosalind and Celia, Mrs. Kent assuming, for the purpose of concealment, male attire, together with the masculine designation of "Mr. Holroyd." Unfortunately, their scheme "gangs aley," for an accident while driving, in which Mrs. Kent sustains injuries, compels the fugitives to sojourn for a month under the hospitable roof of Sir Richard Strake and his excellent old maiden sister Margaret. Strake, though he had been much struck with Cicely's beauty in the days when she and Lady Muriel were schoolgirls together, and still cherishes a romantic recollection of that bygone time, does not recognise her in her disguise, and even invites her to accompany him on a projected hunting tour in South Africa. It is chiefly at Sir Richard's country house that the light comely scenes, which are very pleasantly sketched, are introduced. But the tone of the story suddenly takes a graver note. Cicely, who feels that the time has now arrived when it is incumbent on her to reveal her secret, has gone to her room to change "Mr. Holroyd's" attire for feminine habiliments, when her husband, half maddened by drink, suddenly appears in the drawing-room. He has obtained a clue to his wife's hiding place and vehemently accuses Sir Richard of sheltering her. This charge Sir Richard indignantly and, as he believes, truthfully denies; but Geoffrey, still incredulous, discovers on the mantelpiece a scrap of paper bearing some lines in which he recognises his wife's handwriting. Still Sir Richard repels the charge, but at this moment a door opens, and Mrs. Kent, having meanwhile changed her dress, makes her appearance on the threshold. Having regard to the fact that Sir Richard is wholly taken aback by this sudden turn of affairs, this situation is both novel and

strongly dramatic, and it serves to furnish the third act with a powerful climax. The fourth and last act, which takes us back to the town house of the Kents, and is mainly concerned with the reconciliation of Geoffrey and his wife, takes, unfortunately, not quite so strong a hold upon the sympathies of the spectator. The repentance of Geoffrey, who has hitherto been all along as brutal and offensive as Farquhar's Squire Sullen, is all too sudden to bring about any great revulsion of feeling in his favour. When the long-persecuted Cicely dismisses Sir Richard Strake and throws herself once more into the arms of her husband, the *dénouement* is undoubtedly more decorous than if she had been represented as eloping with her fervent admirer; but the audience can hardly help feeling that if the author had been compelled "to tell," as Keats says, "for Truth's sake, what woe afterwards befell," the now unwritten fifth act must have depicted the Kent household as anything but an abode of peace and affection. The great feature in the acting is Miss Beryl Faber's vivacious and refined performance in the part of Cicely Kent. The undercurrent of humour in the situations that spring from her disguise was brought out not the less effectively because of the actress's studied moderation, and there were touches of pathos in her impersonation which were no less deserving of commendation. Miss Edith Craig as Lady Muriel played cleverly in the part of a lady who, stung by some disparaging remarks upon her personal attractions which she has accidentally overheard, sets herself the task of fascinating and then humiliating her detractor. The part of Geoffrey Kent falls to Mr. Titheradge, who plays the brutal husband very truthfully, though perhaps with a too uncompromising fidelity. *A Married Woman* met with a very favourable reception.

### GERMAN PERFORMANCES

Thanks, it is to be feared, more to the play-going tendencies of the numerous German colony in our midst than to the patronage of the English public, the German theatre has now apparently become a permanent feature in the list of London theatrical entertainments. The company have this year found a home in Mr. Penley's little theatre in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the managers, Messrs. Haas Andresen and Max Behrend, opened their season of German plays on Saturday evening with a representation of Herr Moyer-Foerster's *Alt-Hadulberg*, one of the latest successes of the German stage. The piece, which is little more than a picture of manners, deals with the joyous life of a young prince at the old University and with the changes that are wrought when he is suddenly summoned away to take the place of his uncle, the reigning duke.

### "FIDELIO" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Beethoven's only opera has always been considered a hard nut to crack, even where professional singers are concerned, and the general excellence of its performance by the students of the Royal College of Music at His Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon was therefore highly creditable to all concerned. The strength of the representation under the baton of Sir Charles Stanford lay chiefly in the *ensemble*, in the genuine artistic feeling with which all were obviously actuated, and more especially in the excellence of the band and chorus. In the chorus of prisoners, the young fresh voices told well, while Beethoven's accompaniments were performed by an orchestra, consisting almost entirely of students, with scrupulous care and finish.





"'Prince,' he cried, 'hearken ere you strike. You can kill me if you will who are justly angered, and to die at your hands is an honour that I do not merit. Yet, dread lord, remember that if you slay me, then you will never find that Pearl-Maiden whom you desire.' Domitian paused, for even in his fury he was cunning"

## PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### THE REWARD OF SATURIUS

MEANWHILE, in one of the palaces of the Cæsars not far from the Capitol, was being enacted another and more stormy scene. It was the palace of Domitian, whither, the bewildering pomp of the Triumph finished at last, the prince had withdrawn himself in no happy mood. That day many things had happened to vex him. First and foremost, as had been brought home to his mind from minute to minute throughout the long hours, its glory belonged not to himself, not even to his father Vespasian, but to his brother, the conqueror of the Jews. Titus he had always hated, Titus, who was as beloved of mankind for his virtues, such as virtues were in that age, as he, Domitian, was execrated for his vices. Now Titus had returned after a brilliant and successful campaign to be crowned as Cæsar, to be accepted as the sharer of his father's government, and to receive the ovations of the populace, while his brother Domitian

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must ride almost unnoted behind his chariot. The plaudits of the roaring mob, the congratulations of the Senate, the homage of the knights and subject princes, the offerings of foreign kings, all laid at the feet of Titus, filled him with a jealousy that went nigh to madness. Soothsayers had told him, it was true, that his hour would come, that he would live and reign after Vespasian and Titus had gone down, both of them, to Hades. But even if they spoke truth this hour seemed a long way off.

Also there are other things. At the great sacrifice before the temple of Jupiter, his place had been set too far back where the people could not see him; at the feast which followed, the master of the ceremonies had neglected, or had forgotten, to pour a libation in his honour.

Further, the beautiful captive, Pearl-Maiden, had appeared in the procession unadorned by the costly girdle which he had sent her; while last of all, the different wines that he had drunk had disagreed with him, so that because of them, or of the heat of the sun, he suffered from the headache and sickness to which he was liable. Pleading this indisposition as an excuse, Domitian left the

banquet early and, attended by his slaves and musicians, retired to his own palace.

Here his spirits revived somewhat since he knew that before long his chamberlain, Satorius, would appear with the lovely Jewish maiden upon whom he had set his fancy. This at least was certain, for he had arranged that the auction should be held that evening, and instructed him to buy her at all costs, even for a thousand sesteria. Indeed, who would dare to bid for a slave that the Prince Domitian desired?

Learning that Satorius had not yet arrived, he went to his private chambers, and to pass away the time commanded his most beautiful slaves to dance before him, while he inflamed himself by drinking more wine of a vintage that he loved. As the fumes of the strong liquor mounted to his brain the pains in his head ceased, at any rate for a while. Very soon he became half-drunk, and as was his nature when in drink, savage. One of the dancing-slaves stumbled and, growing nervous, stepped out of time, whereon he ordered the poor half-naked girl to be scourged before him by the hands of her own companions. Happily for her, however, before the

punishment began a slave arrived with the intelligence that Satorius awaited without.

"What, alone?" said the prince springing to his feet.

"Nay, lord," said the slave, "there is a woman with him."

At this news instantly his ill-temper was forgotten.

"Let that girl go," he said, "and bid her be more careful another time. Away, all the lot of you, I wish to be private. Now, slave, bid the worthy Satorius enter with his charge."

Presently the curtains were drawn apart and through them came Satorius rubbing his hands and smiling somewhat nervously, followed by a woman wrapped in a long cloak and veiled. He began to offer the accustomed salutations, but Domitian cut him short.

"Rise, man," he said. "That sort of thing is very well in public, but I don't want it here. So you have got her," he added, eyeing the draped form in the background.

"Yes," replied Satorius doubtfully.

"Good. Your services shall be remembered. You were ever a discreet and faithful agent. Did the bidding run high?"

"Oh! my lord, enormous, enormous. I never heard such bidding," and he stretched out his hands.

"Impertinence! Who dared to compete with me?" remarked Domitian.

"Well, what did you have to give?"

"Fifty sesteria, my lord."

"Fifty sesteria?" answered Domitian with an air of relief. "Well, of course it is enough, but I have known beautiful maidens fetch more. By the way, dear one," he went on addressing the veiled woman, "you must, I fear, be tired after all that weary, foolish show."

The "dear one" making no audible reply, Domitian went on:

"Modesty is pleasing in a maid, but now, I pray you, forget it for a while. Unveil yourself, most beautiful, that I may behold that loveliness for which my heart has ached these many days. Nay, that task shall be my own," and he advanced somewhat unsteadily towards his prize.

Satorius thought that he saw his chance. Domitian was so intoxicated that it would be useless to attempt to explain matters that night. Clearly he should retire as soon as possible.

"Most noble prince and patron," he began, "my duty is done, with your leave I will withdraw."

"By no means, by no means," hiccuped Domitian. "I know that you are an excellent judge of beauty, most discriminating Satorius, and I should like to talk over the points of this lady with you. You know, dear Satorius, that I am not selfish, and, to tell the truth, which you won't mind between friends—who could be jealous of a wizened last year's walnut of a man like you? Not I, Satorius, not I, whom everybody acknowledges to be the most beautiful person in Rome, much better looking than Titus is, although he does call himself Caesar. Now for it. Where's the fastening? Satorius, find the fastening. Why do you tie up the poor girl like an Egyptian corpse and prevent her lord and master from looking at her?"

As he spoke the slave did something to the lack of her head and the veil fell to the ground, revealing a girl of very pleasing shape and countenance, but who, as might be expected, looked most weary and frightened. Domitian stared at her with his bleared and wicked eyes, while a puzzled expression grew up in his face.

"Very odd!" he said, "but she seems to have changed! I thought her eyes were blue, and that she had curling black hair. Now they are dark and she has straight hair. Where's the necklace, too? Where's the necklace? Pearl-Maiden, what have you done with your necklace? Yes, and why didn't you wear the girdle I sent you to-day?"

"Sir," answered the Jewess, "I never had a necklace—"

"My lord Domitian," began Satorius with a nervous laugh, "there is a mistake I must explain. This girl is not Pearl-Maiden. Pearl-Maiden fetched so great a price that it was impossible that I should buy her, even for you—"

He stopped, for suddenly Domitian's face had become terrible. All the drunkenness had left it, to be replaced by a mask of savage cruelty through which glared the pale and glittering eyes. The man appeared as he was, half satyr and half fiend.

"A mistake—" he said. "Oh! a mistake? And I have been counting on her all these weeks, and now some other man has taken her from me—the prince Domitian. And you—you dare to come to me with this tale, and to bring this slut with you instead of my Pearl-Maiden—" and at the thought he fairly sobbed in his drunken, disappointed rage. Then he stepped back and began to clap his hands and call aloud.

Instantly slaves and guards rushed into the chamber, thinking that their lord was threatened with some evil.

"Men," he said, "take that woman and kill her. No, it might make a stir, as she was one of Titus's captives. Don't kill her, thrust her into the street."

The girl was seized by the arms and dragged away.

"Oh! my lord," began Satorius.

"Silence, man, I am coming to you. Seize him and strip him. Oh! I know you are a freedman and a citizen of Rome. Well, soon you shall be a citizen of Hades, I promise you. Now, bring the heavy rods and beat him till he dies."

The dreadful order was obeyed, and for a while nothing was heard save the sound of heavy blows and the smothered moans of the miserable Satorius.

"Wretches," yelled the Imperial brute, "you are playing, you do not hit hard enough. I will teach you how to hit," and snatching a rod from one of the slaves, he rushed at his prostrate chamberlain, the others drawing back to allow their master to show his skill in flogging.

Satorius saw Domitian come, and knew that unless he could change his purpose in another minute the life would be battered out of him. He struggled to his knees.

"Prince," he cried, "hearken ere you strike. You can kill me if you will who are justly angered, and to die at your hands is an honour that I do not merit. Yet, dread lord, remember that if you slay me, then you will never find that Pearl-Maiden whom you desire."

Domitian paused, for even in his fury he was cunning. "Doubtless," he thought, "the knave knows where the girl is. Perhaps even he has hidden her away for himself."

"Ah!" he said aloud, quoting the vulgar proverb, "the rod is the mother of reason." Well, can you find her?"

"Surely, if I have time. The man who can afford to pay two thousand sesteria for a single slave cannot easily be hidden."

"Two thousand sesteria!" exclaimed Domitian astonished. "Tell me that story. Slaves, give Satorius his robe and fall back—no, not too far, he may be treacherous."

The chamberlain threw the garment over his bleeding shoulders and fastened it with a trembling hand. Then he told his tale, adding:

"Oh! my lord, what could I do? You have not enough money at hand to pay so huge a sum."

"Do, fool? Why you should have bought her on credit and left me to settle the price afterwards. Oh! never mind Titus, I could have outwitted him. But the mischief is done; now for the remedy, so far as it can be remedied," he added, grinding his teeth.

"That I must seek to-morrow, lord."

"To-morrow? And what will you do to-morrow?"

"To-morrow I will find where the girl's gone, or try to, and then why he who has bought might die and the rest will be easy."

"Die he surely shall who has dared to rob Domitian of his darling," answered the prince with an oath. "Well, hearken, Satorius, for this night you are spared, but be sure that if you fail for the second time you also shall die, and after a worse fashion than I promised you. Now go, and to-morrow we will take counsel. Oh! ye gods, why do you deal so hardly with Domitian? My soul is bruised, and must be comforted with jocosy. Rouse that Greek from his bed and send him to me. He shall read to me of the wrath of Achilles when they robbed him of his Briseis, for the hero's lot is mine."

So this new Achilles departed, now that his rage had left him, weeping maudlin tears of disappointed passion, to comfort his "bruised soul" with the immortal lines of Homer, for when he was not merely a brute Domitian fancied himself a poet. It was perhaps as well for his peace of mind that he could not see the face of Satorius, as the chamberlain comforted his bruised shoulders with some serviceable ointment, or hear the oath which that useful and industrious officer uttered as he sought his rest, face downwards, since for many days thereafter he was unable to lie upon his back. It was a very ugly oath, sworn by every god who had an altar in Rome, with the divinities of the Jews and the Christians thrown in, that in a day to come he would avenge Domitian's rods with daggers. Had the prince been able to do so, there might have risen in his mind some prescience of a certain scene, in which he must play a part upon a far-off but destined night. He might have beheld a vision of himself, bald, corpulent and thin-legged, but wearing the imperial robes of Caesar, rolling in a frantic struggle for life upon the floor of his bed-chamber, at death grips with one Stephanus, while an old chamberlain named Satorius drove a dagger again and again into his back, crying at each stroke:

"Oho! That for thy rods, Caesar! Oho! Dost remember the Pearl-Maiden? That for thy rods, Caesar, and that—and that—and that—!"

But Domitian, weeping himself to sleep over the tale of the wrongs of the god-like Achilles, which did but foreshadow those of his divine self, as yet thought nothing of the rich reward that time should bring him.

On the morrow of the great day of the Triumph the merchant Demetrius of Alexandria, whom for many years we have known as Caleb, sat in the office of the storehouse which he had hired for the bestowal of his goods in one of the busiest thoroughfares of Rome. Handsome, indeed, noble-looking as he was, and must always be, his countenance presented a sorry sight. From hour to hour during the previous day he had fought a path through the dense crowds that lined the streets of Rome, to keep as near as might be to Miriam as she trudged her long route of splendid shame.

Then came the evening, when, with the other women slaves, she was put up to auction in the Forum. To prepare for this sale, Caleb had turned almost all his merchandise into money, for he knew that Domitian was a purchaser, and guessed that the price of the beautiful Pearl-Maiden, of whom all the city was talking, would rule high. The climax we know. He bid to the last coin that he possessed or could raise, only to find that others with still greater resources were in the market. Even the agent of the prince had been left behind, and Miriam was at last knocked down to some mysterious stranger woman dressed like a peasant. The woman was veiled and disguised; she spoke with a feigned voice and in a strange tongue, but from the beginning Caleb knew her. Incredible as it might seem that she should be here in Rome, he was certain that she was Nehushta, and no other.

That Nehushta should buy Miriam was well, but how came she by so vast a sum of money, here in a far-off land? In short, for whom was she buying? Indeed, for whom would she buy? He could think of one only—Marcus. But he had made inquiries and Marcus was not in Rome. Indeed he had every reason to believe that his rival was long dead, that his bones were scattered among the tens of thousands which whitened the tumbled ruins of the Holy City in Judea. How could it be otherwise? He had last seen him wounded, as he thought to death—and he should know, for the stroke fell from his own hand—lying senseless in the Old Tower in Jerusalem. Then he vanished away, and where Marcus had been Miriam was found. Whither did he vanish, and if it was true that she succeeded in hiding him in some secret hole, what chance was there that he could have lived on without food and unscoured? Also, if he lived, why had he not appeared long before? Why was not so wealthy a Patrician and distinguished a soldier riding in the triumphant train of Titus?

With black despair raging in his breast, he, Caleb, had seen

Miriam knocked down to the mysterious, basket-laden stranger whom none could recognise. He had seen her depart together with the auctioneer and a servant, also basket-laden, to the office of the receiving house, whither he had attempted to follow upon some pretext, only to be stopped by the watchman. After this he hung about the door until he saw the auctioneer appear alone, when it occurred to him that the purchaser and the purchased must have departed by some other exit, perhaps in order to avoid further observation. He ran round the building to find himself confronted only by the empty, star-lit spaces of the Forum. Searching them with his eyes, for one instant it seemed to him that far away he caught sight of a little knot of figures climbing a black marble stair in the dark shadow of some temple. He sped across the open space, he ran up the great stair, to find at the head of it a young man in whom he recognised the auctioneer's clerk, gazing along a wide street as empty as was the stair.

The rest is known to us. He followed, and twice perceived the little group of dark-robed figures hurrying round distant corners. Once he lost them altogether, but a passer-by on his road to some feast told him courteously enough which way they had gone. On he ran almost at hazard, to be rewarded in the end by the sight of them vanishing through a narrow doorway in the wall. He came to the door and saw that it was very massive. He tried it even, it was locked. Then he thought of knocking, only to remember that to state his business would probably be to meet his death. At such a place and hour those who purchased beautiful slaves might have a sword waiting for the heart of an unsuccessful rival who dared to follow them to their haunts.

Caleb walked round the house, to find that it was a palace which seemed to be deserted, although he thought that he saw light shining through one of the shuttered windows. Now he knew the place again. It was here that the procession had been halted and one of the Roman soldiers who had committed the crime of being taken captive escaped the taunts of the crowd by hurling himself beneath the wheel of a great pageant car. Yes, there was no doubt of it, for his blood still stained the dusty stones and by it lay a piece of the broken distaff with which, in their mockery, they had pined the poor man. They were gentle folk, these Romans! Why, measured by this standard some such doom should have fallen upon his rival, Marcus, for Marcus also was taken prisoner—by himself. The thought made Caleb smile, since well he knew that no braver soldier lived. Then came other thoughts that pressed him closer. Somewhere in that great dead-looking house was Miriam, as far off from him as though she were still in Judea. There was Miriam—and who was with her? The new-found lord who had spent two thousand sesteria on her purchase? The thought of it almost turned his brain.

Heretofore, the life of Caleb had been ruled by two passions—ambition and the love of Miriam. He had aspired to be the ruler of the Jews, perhaps their king, and to this end had plotted and fought for the expulsion of the Romans from Judea. He had taken part in a hundred desperate battles. Again and again he had risked his life; again and again he had escaped. For one so young he had reached high rank, till he was numbered among the first of their captains.

Then came the end, the last hideous struggle and the downfall. Once more his life was left in him. Where men perished by the hundred thousand, he escaped, winning safety, not through the desire of it, but because of the love of Miriam which drove him on to follow her. Happily for himself he had hidden money which, after the gift of his race, he was able to turn to good account, so that now he, who had been a leader in war and council, walked the world as a merchant in Eastern goods. All that glittering past had gone from him; he might become wealthy, but, few as he was, he could never be great nor fill his soul with the glory that it craved. There remained to him, then, nothing but this passion for one woman among the millions who dwelt beneath the sun, the girl who had been his playmate, whom he loved from the beginning, although she had never loved him, and whom he would love until the end.

Why had she not loved him? Because of his rival, that accursed Roman, Marcus, the man whom time upon time he had tried to kill, but who had always slipped like water from his hands. Well, if she was lost to him she was lost to Marcus also, and from that thought he would take such comfort as he might. Indeed he had no other, for during those dreadful hours the fires of all Gehenna raged in his soul. He had lost—but who had found her?

Throughout the long night Caleb tramped round the cold, empty-looking palace, suffering perhaps as he had never suffered before, a thing to be pitied of gods and men. At length the dawn broke and the light crept down the splendid street, showing here and there groups of weary and half-drunken revellers staggering homewards from the feast, flushed men and dishevelled women. Others appeared also, humble and industrious citizens going to their daily toil. Among them were people whose business it was to clean the roads, abroad early this morning, for after the great procession they thought that they might find articles of value let fall by those who walked in it, or by the spectators. Two of these scavengers began sweeping near the place where Caleb stood, and lightened their toil by laughing at him, asking him if he had spent the night in the gutter and whether he knew his way home. He replied that he waited for the doors of the house to be opened.

"Which house?" they asked. "The 'Fortunate House'?" and they pointed to the marble palace of Marcus, which, as Caleb now saw for the first time, had these words blazoned in gold letters on its portico.

He nodded.

"Well," said one of them, "you will wait for some time, for that house is no longer fortunate. Its owner is dead, killed in the wars, and no one knows who his heir may be."

"What was his name?" he asked.

"Marcus, the favourite of Nero, also called the Fortunate."

Then, with a bitter curse upon his lips, Caleb turned and walked away.

(To be continued)



## Our Portraits

CAPTAIN R. V. WEBSTER, of Preston, has been awarded the Royal Humane Society's silver medal for his efforts to swim with a lifeline to the wrecks on the reef during the terrible hurricane at Port Elizabeth (South Africa) on September 1, 1902, when fifty-four lives were lost. Captain Webster also holds the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal for having saved an Egyptian soldier in the Nile during the Sudan Campaign of 1895.

Sir William Chandler Roberts-Austen, K.C.B., F.R.S., Chemist and Assayer to the Mint, and Professor of Metallurgy in the Royal School of Mines, was born in 1843. He was a son of Mr. George Chandler Roberts, and assumed the additional name of Austen in 1880 at the request of his uncle, Major Austen, of Hiltenden and Comborne, Kent. He was president of the Iron and Steel Institute, and Honorary General Secretary of the British Association, and had been Vice-President of the Chemical Society, the Physical Society, and the Society of Arts. He was the author of an "Introduction to the Study of Metallurgy," and was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. ex-Commissioner Kerr, who for over forty years acted as judge of the City of London Court, was the son of a Scotch solicitor, and was born on June 5, 1821. He received his education in legal circles in Glasgow, going ultimately to the University there, where

following year he was created a K.C.B. Much of his work subsequently was connected with Egypt and the Suez Canal.

Captain George Edmund White, of the 3rd Sikh Infantry, who was killed while gallantly leading a storming party in the attack on the fort of Gumatti, served in the Burmese Expedition of 1891-2, with the North-Eastern Column, and held the medal with clasp for that campaign. His next service was on the North-West Frontier of India under Sir William Lockhart in 1897-8 with the 3rd Sikh Infantry, with the Tochi Field Force, including the operations on the Simra Range and in the Kurram Valley in August and September, 1897, and with the Tirah Expeditionary Force, including the engagement at Dargai, where he was severely wounded. He received the medal with three clasps for those campaigns. He joined the Army in 1892. Our portrait is by Clarke, Bury St. Edmunds.

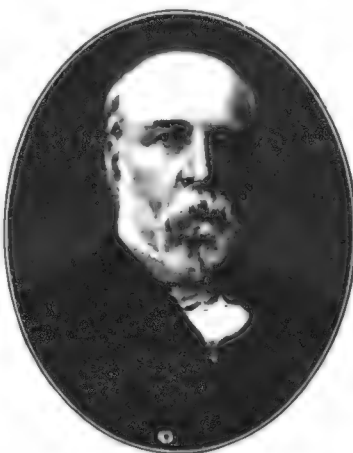
Sir Savile B. Crossley, Bart., M.P., has been appointed to be Paymaster-General, in the place of the Duke of Marlborough, K.G., who has resigned. Sir Savile Crossley, who has represented Halifax in Parliament as a Liberal-Unionist since 1900, succeeded his father as second baronet in 1872. He served in South Africa as captain in the Imperial Yeomanry (Sharpshooters) in 1900 and 1901, receiving the medal with four clasps and being mentioned in despatches and promoted to lieutenant-colonel. He is one of the secretaries to King Edward's Hospital Fund. Our portrait is by W. Gothard, Leeds.

William Lockhart with the Tirah expeditionary force as base commandant on the line of communications. At the time of his death he was discharging temporarily the duties of Inspector General of Cavalry on the Headquarters Staff of the Army in India. He received the decoration of C.B. in 1900. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

As most people are aware, Mr. William Rignold, the well-known actor, has for the past five years been unable to follow his profession, owing to total blindness. Sympathising with him in his terrible affliction, a number of professional and private friends have formed themselves into a committee and arranged for a matinee to be given at the Lyric Theatre, on Friday, December 5. A long array of the foremost actors and actresses have proffered their services. The list includes the following names:—Sir Charles Wyndham, Messrs. Beer, Bohm Tree, Cyril Maude, Forbes Robertson, Lionel Brough, Arthur Bourchier, Allan Aynesworth, George Giddens, James Fernandez, Alfred Bishop, H. Kemble, H. B. Irving, Seymour Hicks, H. V. Esmond, John Coates, Lionel Monckton, George Grossmith, jun., Fred Kaye, Hayden Coffin, Rutland Barrington, K. Temple, and W. S. Gilbert; Mesdames Irene Vanbrugh, Gertrude Elliott, Constance Collier, Evie Green, Phyllis Broughton, and Mary Morre. The plays to be performed are *The Cretan*, the musical triumph of *Cox and Box*, and Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*. Mr. Rignold was born at Leicester on December 18, 1836, and made his debut on the London stage at the Princess's Theatre as Count Fersen in Palgrave Simpson's *Marie Antoinette*. Since that time



THE LATE COLONEL A. C. TONNOCHY  
Killed in the operations against the Waziris



THE LATE MR. COMMISSIONER KERR  
Formerly Judge of the City of London Court



THE LATE LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JOHN STOKES  
Formerly Vice-President of the Council of the Suez Canal Company



THE LATE SIR W. C. ROBERTS-AUSTEN  
Chemist and Assayer to the Mint



THE LATE CAPTAIN G. E. WHITE  
Killed in the operations against the Waziris



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL W. J. YOUSDEN  
A Veteran V.C.



CAPTAIN R. V. WEBSTER  
Awarded the Royal Humane Society's Silver Medal



SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY, M.P.  
The new Paymaster-General



MR. WILLIAM RIGNOLD  
The well-known Actor, who has gone blind



THE LATE SIR JOHN WOODBURN  
Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal

he took his degree of Doctor of Laws. Then he went to the Scotch Bar, and in January, 1848, he was called to the English Bar, having been a student at Lincoln's Inn. He joined the Middle Temple and Clifford's Inn. After gaining judicial experience by sitting as deputy for one County Court judge or another, he was appointed by the Corporation of the City of London as the judge of the City of London Court, in succession to Mr. Prendergast, Q.C. The learned Commissioner had not been long in office before he began to make his mark. His decisions were based on common sense and good judgment, and although his manner was sometimes a little harsh, he was greatly appreciated by the people who had recourse to his Court. His Scotch accent added a piquancy to his *et cetera dicta* which greatly increased his popularity. Mr. Kerr retired from the City of London Court on September 21 of last year. Our portrait is by Skillman and Son, Usbridge Road.

Lieut.-General Sir John Stokes, was formerly British Vice-Consul in the Delta of the Nile, and vice-president of the council of the Suez Canal Company. Sir John, who was seventy-seven years of age, had seen considerable active service, and had greatly distinguished himself, being repeatedly mentioned in despatches and general orders. His crowning work was the signature of the convention with M. de Lesseps in 1876, whereby the Suez Canal Company, with the concurrence of all the European Powers, withdrew all protests against the Porte, and gave entire effect to the recommendations of the Constantinople Commission of 1873. The

Lieutenant-Colonel Valens C. Tonnochy, 3rd Sikhs, commanding the fourth column operating against the Waziris, has died of wounds received near Gumatti. Lieutenant Colonel Tonnochy was severely wounded at the storming of the Malakand Pass in 1895, during Sir Robert Low's advance for the relief of Chitral. He was present at the storming of Dargai, and he took part in most of the Indian military expeditions since 1881. He held the Burmese (two clasps), Tirah (three clasps), and Chitral medals. Our portrait is by James Ewing, Aberdeen.

Major-General William John Youdsen, V.C., C.B., late of the Indian Staff Corps, was the son of the late Captain Youdsen, and was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He joined the 35th Foot in 1864. He served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and the operations around Kabul in 1879, at which he was present, afforded him an opportunity of winning distinction. He was awarded the V.C. "for the exceptional gallantry displayed by him on December 14, 1879, on the Koh Asmai Heights, near Kabul, in charging with a small party into the centre of the line of the retreating Konistani force, by whom they were greatly outnumbered, and who did their utmost to close round them. After rapidly charging through and through the enemy backwards and forwards several times, they swept off round the opposite side of the village and joined the rest of the corps." He served in the campaign on the North-West Frontier under Sir

Mr. Rignold has appeared at most of the leading London theatres, and in many notable productions. When *Prink* was produced at the Princess's Mr. Rignold was the Gouget, and his performance was so excellent that it won a word of praise from M. Francisque Sarcey. An even more remarkable success was the actor's impersonation of Jacques in *The Two Orphans*. In the original production, and in revival after revival, on tour and in town, Mr. Rignold has played this part now thousands of times. A promising engagement with Ristori, to support the great tragedienne in *Macbeth* at Drury Lane, was cut short in a most unpleasant way. Mr. Rignold, in the ardour of a stage fight, was actually stabbed, and had to be put to bed, almost for the ruin of the piece. The last English production of note in which Mr. Rignold took part was *Avoca's*, in which he played Mr. Barrett's part, John Saxton. Our portrait is by Window and Grove, Baker Street.

Sir John Woodburn, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, died at Calcutta, in his sixtieth year. After passing through Ayr Academy and Edinburgh Universities, he was appointed to the Bengal Civil Service in 1862, and commenced his duties in India as Assistant Magistrate and Collector in the North-West Provinces in 1863. His advancement was rapid, and he filled the important position he occupied at his death with ability and success. Sir John was greatly esteemed by all those who had worked under him. He received the K.C.S.I. in 1867. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE LAST GLIMPSE OF THE ISLE OF MAN AND —



THE FIRST SIGHT OF SCOTLAND



A BANK OF CLOUDS HANGING OVER THE SEA

The Rev. J. M. Bacon's Isle of Man to Scotland balloon voyage was undertaken with the object of making experiments. One of these was for diverting the course of the balloon by means of a sail and guide-rope, and the other signalling with the Morse code, by means of a collapsible drum. The gunboat *Renard* accompanied the balloon until the latter attained a speed of twenty miles an hour, when

the *Renard* was left far behind. The experiments were very satisfactory, and Mr. Bacon and the aeronaut, Mr. Percival Spencer, descended at Dunscore, about thirteen miles from Dumfries, having made the journey from Douglas in three and a half hours. Our photographs were taken by Mr. Spencer

OVER THE IRISH SEA IN A BALLOON: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE CAR





Nowhere is All Souls' Day kept more religiously than in Italy. All the morning the people flock to the cemeteries to do homage to the graves. In Italy the graves have not a solid mound, but the earth is loose on the top. The consequence is that under the influence of wind and weather, what was once a mound becomes a shapeless heap. The relatives of the dead refresh the

mounds before they decorate them. Decorative designs vary according to the capacity and station of the people; but all begin with a design made of cut flowers, and most of them add something in the way of fences, crosses and wreaths. Very often the graves are surrounded by lanterns and are adorned with small square cardboard angels with thin iron rods, wreathed paper flowers and

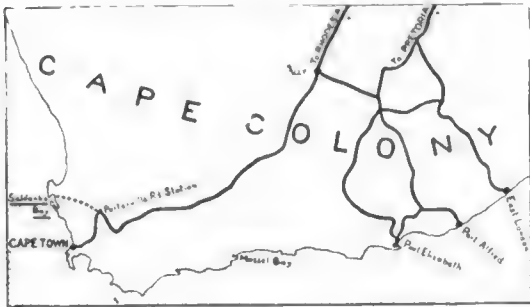
portraits of the dead are used in decoration. The graves of the rich, already adorned with marble and bronze busts, stone columns, or iron crosses, are surrounded by brilliant candles in large candelabra and the usual set of classed coloured tin flowers.

# ALL SOULS' DAY IN AN ITALIAN CEMETERY: DECORATING THE GRAVES

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY REGINALD CLEAVER

## A New Port in South Africa

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S visit to South Africa lends an added interest to everything bearing on the development of that vitally important section of the Empire. The one great drawback of South Africa, from a commercial point of view, is indeed of the continent as a whole, is the want of safe and capacious harbours. Table Bay itself is notoriously unsafe during the north-west winds, and during the recent great storm no less than seventeen vessels were driven ashore, chiefly at the dangerous open roadstead of Algoa Bay. Extensive

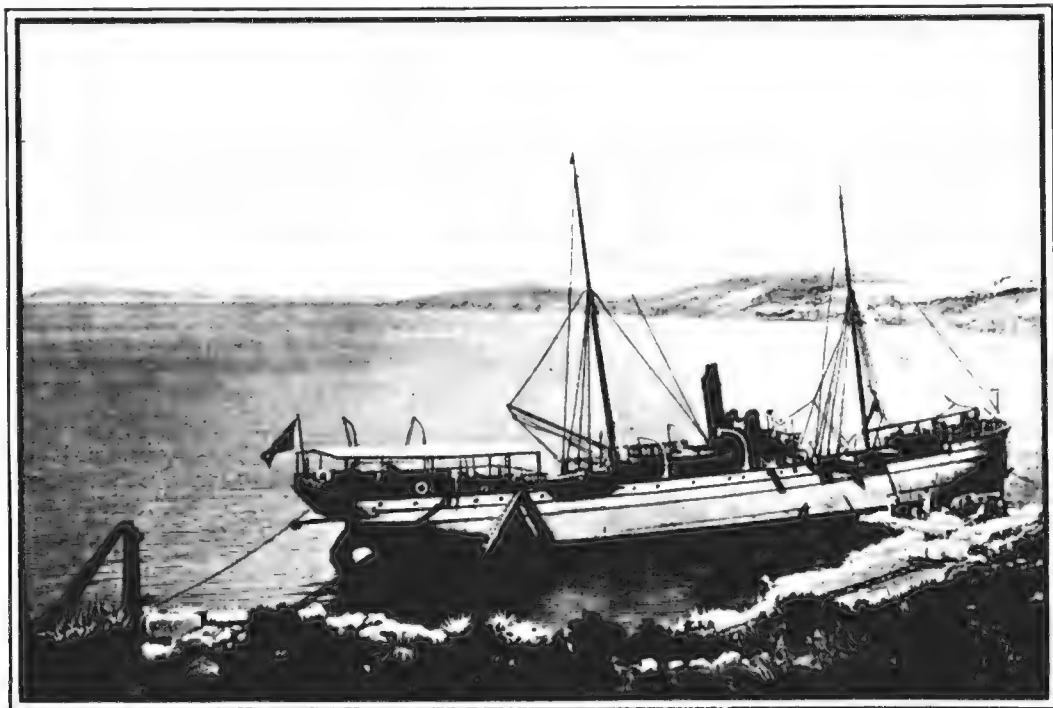


MAP OF CAPE COLONY, SHOWING THE PORTS AND PRINCIPAL RAILWAYS

and costly harbour works at Cape Town and Durban have but partially remedied this vital defect in the natural equipment of South Africa. The fine harbour of Delagoa Bay has two great drawbacks—its frightful climate and its possession by a foreign Power.

Sixty miles north of Cape Town is a magnificent natural harbour, known as Saldanha Bay, which, although it has a land-locked and absolutely safe anchorage of some twelve square miles in area, has up to the present time been strangely neglected by the home and colonial interests alike. This "Cinderella" of South African ports has a depth of water varying from 10 to 24 fathoms, while the deep water runs right up to the edge of the enormous natural breakwater, nearly a mile in length, which imparts to this fine expanse its extraordinarily sheltered character. This huge breakwater will form the base for the wharves and jetties, alongside which ships of the largest tonnage will be able to discharge direct into the railway trucks in any weather and at any state of the tide. One of the accompanying illustrations shows the ss. *Vince* lying alongside a 6ft. jetty—an absolute impossibility at any other point on the South African coast, except at the Cape Town Docks.

The one drawback which has hitherto delayed the development of the best natural harbour in all South Africa—the absence of a sufficient supply of fresh water—is now being remedied. Surveys have been completed for both the waterworks and the eighty miles of railway that will connect the new port with the main trunk line of the Cape Government railways at Porterville, a station formerly known as the Piquetberg Road Station. As an alternative port to Cape Town for both freight and passenger traffic, Saldanha Bay is destined to loom large in South African shipping and commercial circles in the near future. Its enormous natural breakwater, giving perfect shelter in all winds and at any state of the tide, its great and uniform depth of water running close in shore, and its accessibility, combine to mark it out for immediate and extensive development. A quarter of a million spent at Saldanha Bay would give the Admiralty a better "base" in South African waters than the 2,000,000 which they propose to spend at Simon's Bay.



A LINER BERTHED ALONGSIDE THE NATURAL BREAKWATER IN SALDANHA BAY

## The London Police Courts

IN London there are thirteen Police Courts; roughly speaking, a Police Court for every 300,000 or 400,000 people. It is not inaccurate to count children among the number of a Police Court's clients, for the cases of children are, unhappily, frequent there; and their wrongs and their distresses are significant of the range of the duties, official and unofficial, which fall to the share of the London Police Magistrate. He has often been compared to the Eastern Cadi, who sits beneath the Palm Tree dealing irrevocable justice to every suitor who applies for his relief, his help, his advice; and except that the matters which come to a Metropolitan magistrate for decision have no equal for variety, the comparison is a very illuminating one. Every morning he listens patiently to wrongs that are real and complaints that are trivial; he is the unofficial, almost parental, adviser to thousands of ill-advised and often wrong-headed people. They come to him sometimes knowing that he cannot help them, but reposing an almost childlike confidence in his will to help them if he can. The husband of a drunken wife, the wife of a brutal husband, garrulous of their wrongs, are listened to, and the word of advice or consolation spoken; the mother who comes about erring daughters; the fathers who ask the magistrate's advice about dissolute sons; old people whose children refuse to help them; lodgers with bad landlords and landlords with bad lodgers, all consult the magistrate. Every kind of domestic difficulty is laid before him; the next door piano; the distribution of household goods after a death in the house; the return of presents—nothing is too trivial to be brought to him, and nothing too serious. He sits and listens, and advises; for years, without any appeal, any advertisement, any reward, the magistrates have been the legal advisers of the poor.

That is their unofficial task. Beyond it lies the administration of justice in its official sense, and in cases which differ as widely in

merit of the charge as the 'at I told in me land. . . . To all of which the magistrate gives due attention, and decides, out of an accumulation of experience such as none but he and his kind possess, whether the time is one for leniency or severity; whether he shall say, "You seem a decent, respectable sort of man; this is the first time you have been locked up. . . . Don't come here again," or whether he shall tell the offender that his respectability is the chief thing against him, for such as he should set a better example. One of the curious things connected with this class of charge is that whereas most offenders will admit to having had a drop too much, they nearly all vehemently repudiate the charge of being "disorderly;" and in these circumstances bring counter charges against the police that if believed would brand the police force as having scarcely a respectable member. But if the magistrate has sometimes to defend the police, he is equally ready to protect a prisoner who in the more serious cases very often needs protection against himself or against the prosecuting solicitor, or sometimes against his own solicitor. A rather curious instance of the last-named contingency came within the notice of the present writer, when a prisoner's solicitor demanding insistently from the prosecutor whether he had "ever seen the prisoner before?" received the facetious reply, "Yes, in the dock!" The magistrate had in vain tried to prevent the question.

Of the thirteen police courts:—Bow Street, Clerkenwell, North London, Lambeth, Marlborough Street, Marylebone, Southwark, Thames, Westminster, Worship Street, West London, Greenwich, and South-West London (Battersea), perhaps, only half present any very evident distinctiveness such as could be conferred by the cases which are brought before them. The individual methods of the magistrates are responsible for most characteristics of the courts; in some, however, special attributes are introduced by the nationalities or the peculiarities of the populations in that "assemblage of towns" which is London. Of all the Courts, that which is the best known is Bow Street. For very many years Sir



BASE OF THE NATURAL BREAKWATER AT SALDANHA BAY

their character as in those where the magistrate is merely guide, philosopher and friend. Crime at its worst and at its ugliest comes before the magistrate; but naturally the overwhelming majority of cases are not of this kind. In the police courts crime shirks the magnificent, and shows a tendency to appear in a nervous, tentative, amateur fashion. One class of charge is common to all the courts, and is classified under the heading "Drunk and disorderly." It always comes first among the charges; but in disposing of it the just Cadi has many problems to deal with. There is a tendency especially noticeable on the part of "drunks" to descant on first causes: "I did have a drop too much last night, your worship; but the fact is I went to see my sister in the Gray's Inn Road, and she had a bit of a cold and so . . . ;" or, "The constable's spoke wrong, Mr. Sheil; all I had was one glass, and I'm as

John Bridge was the senior magistrate, and his high bald head and slow, tolerant smile—as of one who had become acquainted with all the little dodges of a generation of offenders—seemed part and parcel of the Court's administration. He has been succeeded by Sir A. de Rutzen. Mr. R. H. B. Marsham, of the shaven lip and the maritime aspect which has been acquired in scores of Board of Trade inquiries into wrecks, is junior magistrate. But the big square court, with its slate-coloured walls, and its murky fringe of prisoners' friends behind the wooden partition, remains unchanged from year to year. Every now and then a big case occupies the court, and strains its space to the utmost with an entirely different audience, with solicitors and counsel, and a flying squadron of special reporters. The Jameon Raid and the unhappy Pearl case are among the charges which in recent years have altered Bow Street's complexion, and on these great occasions the Extradition Court accommodates cases. Ordinarily the Extradition Court, very small and very inconvenient, is used only for the class of cases implied by its name, or for those where the number of counsel engaged outnumber the number of witnesses, official and unofficial—as in the case of Dr. Krause.

Worship Street and Thames are two Courts of characteristics imparted to them by the class and nationality of their applicants. Worship Street Police Court is a narrow stone building squeezed in between warehouses and usually letokening its part in life by the buzzing throng of applicants at its doors. The throng, together with those who wait in the passage leading to the Court, is Jewish—the posters on the walls of the passage are Yiddish and Russian—and the Court which Mr. Haden Corser and Mr. Cluer have to administer is like a Court in a foreign ghetto, except that its administrators are a good deal more patient and a good deal more kindly. The suitors are dark in complexion and fussy as to clothes: the defendants' friends and the witnesses are chiefly females of the slatternly, unbonneted order, who are voluble if they are aliens and violent if they can appeal to the magistrate in his own tongue. Many are the odd cases which come to this Court. Indigent and indignant aliens who want the law of their landlord, and landlords who want the room of their tenants; and not a few cases where the male partner of an engaged couple wants his presents back! Thames Police Court, too, has its foreign clients, but here they are not of the ghetto but of the cosmopolitan ocean. There is a flavour of the sea about the Court, and in the long corridor leading to it a mingled scent of tar and cake tobacco. Mr. Mead, the magistrate, shaven of lip and chin, and deep of voice, has the appearance and the manner of a master mariner, where responsibilities with his unruly crew are grave. The crew consists of brown-faced, crisp-haired, gleaming-teethed Lascars, one or two fair, simple-looking Swedes, a Russian Jew or so, and a complement of rather damaged purple-faced ladies from the neighbouring Highway. There is an interpreter on board, who offers his services to nearly everyone, and there are a fair number of attorneys, whose services, though usually accepted by clients, are not of very much assistance to Mr. Mead.



If grievances are the staple import of Worship Street, perhaps "rows" might be spoken of as the chief produce of Thames.

Westminster and Marlborough Street were courts which have derived a good deal of local colour from their presiding magistrates. Mr. Newton, when he was alive, gave a distinct character to Marlborough Street, and Mr. Shield still imparts a great deal of vitality to Westminster. Marlborough Street (Mr. Denman and Mr. Kennedy) has always been a difficult court to administer, because of the districts—Soho, Piccadilly, Regent Street, to name the chief of them—from which the offenders come. A melancholy string of sordid cases appears every morning in the small green painted court, with its blazing fire and absence of ventilation. Mr. Newton sitting bolt upright, underneath the joyous gilded lion and the pile unicorn, used to polish them off very much in the manner of a drumhead court-martial; and perhaps the truth is that the reputation which thereby he gave to Marlborough Street served as a most salutary deterrent to its neighbourhood. Mr. Shield of Westminster has also an extremely brisk manner, combined with carefully parted white hair, white moustache, and the appearance of a well-battled-up major-general.

Most of the other Courts: Clerkenwell (Mr. Bros, Mr. d'Eyncourt), North London (Mr. Lordham), Lambeth (Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Francis), Marylebone (Mr. Bennett, Mr. Plowden), Southwark (Mr. Taylor, Mr. Chapman), West London (Mr. Isaac, Mr. Lane), Greenwich (Mr. Biggallay, Mr. Kettle), and South West London (Mr. Garrett), have few points of difference taking one year with another, but an exception to the other Courts, in appearance, is that of the Mansion House. Its magistrate is the Lord Mayor, and its cases are few. At eleven o'clock each morning, the red baize door at the back of the Court is flung open by a Mansion House footman, and the Chief Magistrate of the City takes his place in semi-state on the largest of three chairs which fill a whole side of the Court. There are few people in the court, there are few prisoners—chiefly small cases of shop stealing, obstruction of traffic, an occasional fraudulent traveller without a ticket, and a still more occasional case of house-breaking. The cases are taken and are disposed of with a gravity and decorum which remind one rather of the King's Bench than the Police Court; and the Mansion House Court may, therefore, fitly conclude this article as being the link which joins the Police Magistrates to the King's Judges.

Our portraits are from photographs by the following: Sir A. de Rutzen, Mr. R. H. B. Marsham, Mr. Haden Porter, Mr. A. R. Cluer, Mr. A. C. Plowden, Mr. G. Paul Taylor, Mr. James Sherr, and Mr. H. Curtis Bennett, by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Mr. E. Baggallay and Mr. F. Meak, by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street; Mr. John Rose and Mr. G. L. Denman, by C. E. Fry and Son, South Kensington; Mr. C. Chapman, by Russell and Sons, Baker Street; Mr. J. Snow Fordham, by Alfred Ellis and Walsley, Baker Street; Mr. A. A. Hopkins, by Mayall and Co., Ltd., Piccadilly; Mr. J. Dickinson, by H. R. Stiles, Kensington High Street; Mr. Horace Smith, by Lavender, Bloomsbury; Mr. G. G. Kennedy, by W. Whiteley, Ltd.; and Mr. E. T. d'Eyncourt, by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE POSTCARD has already attained a wonderful degree of popularity, and at a competition which the Kodak Company has held, over 5,000 photographic postcards from all parts of the world were exhibited, many of them showing great taste and high quality of work. As Christmas or New Year greetings nothing could be more charming than these photographic postcards, which can be easily printed by any amateur.



The King has been pleased to approve of the selection of the Right Hon. Lord Tennyson, K.C.M.G., for the appointment of Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia. In accordance with Lord Tennyson's own wish, the appointment will be for one year only. Lord Tennyson was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of South Australia in 1899 and since the resignation of the Earl of Hopetoun (now Marquess of Linlithgow), has been acting Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

LORD TENNYSON  
New Governor-General of Australia

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN will be missed at Westminster. He has become a more important item in Parliamentary life than most of the members perceive, but during the next month many of them will realise the position he has made for himself in the House. He is probably the finest debater there has been at Westminster; he is always ready for a controversial fight; he hits freely, and the mere sound of his voice encourages his supporters and irritates his opponents. The most dreary debate becomes lively the moment he rises. There is no other man in the House of Commons who can replace him. Mr. Arthur Balfour is a polished thinker and speaker, but he does not "awake" the House, or arouse its enthusiasm and hostility; he inspires affection. In a week or two from this,

members will certainly be expressing their regret that Mr. Chamberlain is away from Westminster, and will be complaining that the House is duller since he left for South Africa.

A well-known millionaire once said: "We commercial Cresuses have many friends, but few like us." It is not to be denied that a strong feeling exists in the House in favour of making the South Africa mine-owning millionaire pay heavily for the advantages he is to receive from the new condition of things in that country. Were it not that other considerations have to be remembered, two-thirds of the members would cheerfully vote to make him pay even more than his fair share of the debt contracted through the war. It is in connection with this question that the Government and their supporters disagree most. Amongst the younger members on that side the desire to tax these millionaires is especially strong, and some of them hope to make a name for themselves in the struggle over this matter.

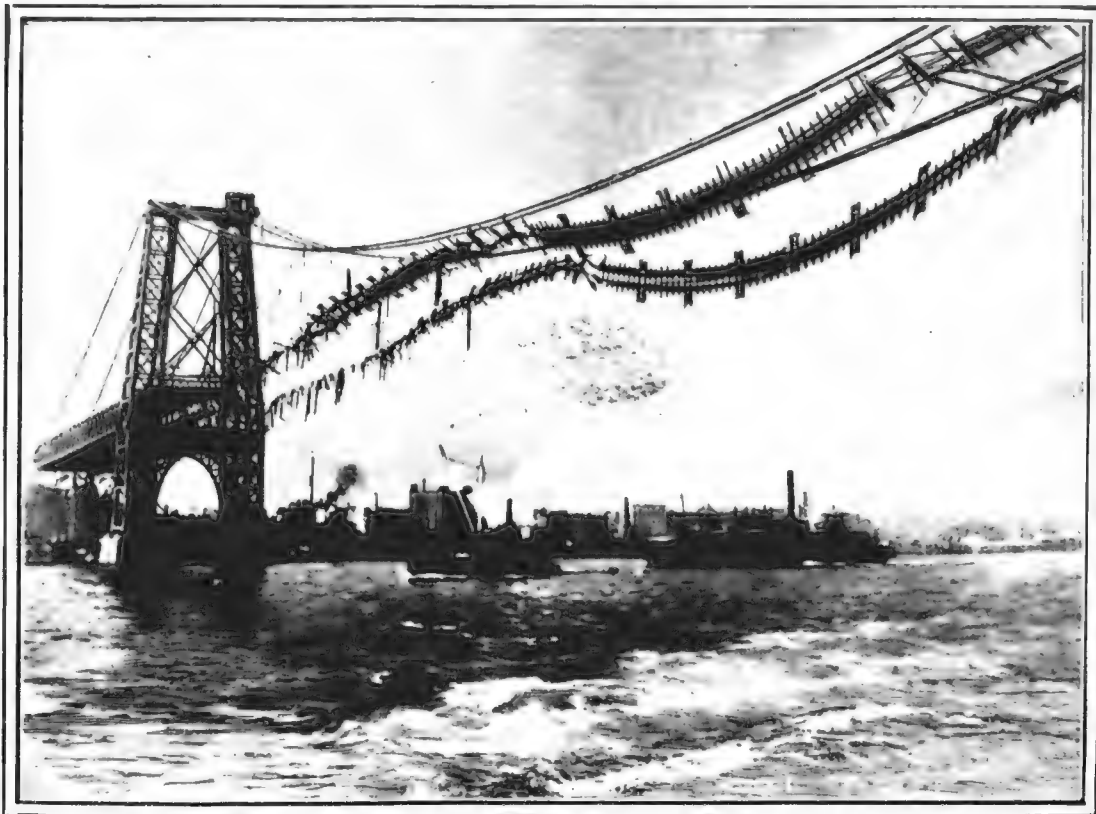
"Are the young men in Parliament clever?" is a question which is continually asked. It would be invidious to mention names, but certainly several of the younger members possess considerable ability. They have more general experience than had the older members when the latter were at the same age; they have been trained on more modern lines; and they are more independent. Besides, originality is a gift which many of them have. For the moment they have not found their speaking-legs; they have some unnecessary respect for the prejudices of the older members, and they have not yet sufficiently mastered the rules and forms of the House of Commons. When they have overcome these obstacles, there are five or six of the young men who should make their way easily.

A "winter holiday" is a new expression. On two or three occasions of late it has been announced that Sir John—or Mr.—"will soon leave London for his winter holiday." As most men who are employed in the best-paid work now take a holiday from Friday night to Monday morning, if they have six weeks in the South of France in the winter, and two months' absence in the summer, it will be difficult for them to complain. The "winter holiday season" is beginning, and many of those who are the most prominent workers of the day are about to leave England, with their wives and families, for the Continent. As they earn their money here—many of them having official employment—would it not be well were they to spend less of it abroad?

"But life abroad is pleasanter than in England. The climate is less trying, there is complete change of surroundings, and the cooking is better." That is always the substance of the answer given when the complaint is made. The climate in England, of course, cannot be changed; but, if life is less pleasant here than on the Continent, that can be altered. Those who govern in this country object to most proposals to modify our habits and customs so as to make them more like those of the foreigner. London could be much better lit than it is; there could be electric tramways running through it from end to end; there could be very much done to improve the West End parks; and the town could be made considerably more lively. But every proposal in these directions is opposed resolutely. It is an error that the English cannot cook. They cannot cook French dishes, and the French cannot cook English dishes. Those who devote the most attention to the matter either have come, or are coming, to understand that a well-cooked English meal is the better and the more wholesome of the two. The popularity of the French cook is comparatively new in this country, and it is diminishing rapidly.

## The Society of Portrait Painters

FOR such an extensive exhibition, which increases each year, the standard is high. Mr. Watts elevates it with his much darkened pictures of "Garibaldi," and "J. Joachim," before the violinist grew his beard—a portrait that used to be called "A Lamplight Study;" the artist's "Countess Somers"—the "Blue Lady," as she used to be known—a noble work which seems to have received recent touches. Mr. Watts' "Mrs. Josephine Butler," it will be remembered, is a portrait of late years, and we are glad to see the philanthropic face again. Mr. Charles Shannon is extraordinarily fine in his "Mother and Child," inspired on the one hand by Mr. Watts, and on the other by Tintoret; and also in his portrait of Mr. van Wisselingh. But he has adopted, too, the lowness of tone of his masters, and we may tremble for the fate of the pictures in the near future. Mr. J. J. Shannon is not less brilliant, with the solid brilliancy and charm of his latest manner. What could be more delightful than the *rondo*, "The Lady Ulrica Duncombe," to mention but one? And his "Mr. Gari Melchers," dirty as it is in the flesh, is an admirable piece of life. The fantastically named "Little Cardinal" by Mr. Whistler, imagined as Baldovinetti might have imagined it, is a delicate piece of delightful colour, and the head would have been a success but for the ill-drawn mouth. Amid such a crowd of clever work it is useless to select; but it would be unjust not to draw attention to "My Mother," of Mr. Stuart Wortley, to our mind the best thing by far he ever painted. Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Laverie, Mr. Walton, Mr. Robert Brough, and Mr. Henry, are some of the Scottish contingent, whose work ought to be seen in the Royal Academy. Their attention forms a curious chapter in the art politics of the day, and is creditable neither to the painters nor to the institution. The surface brilliancy of Mr. Jack, the delicacy of Mr. Nicolet, the accentuated simplicity of Mr. Chowne, the Holbeinesque suggestiveness in the drawings of Mr. Strang, the rugged breadth of Mr. Harris Brown, the realism of the Hon. John Collier and of Sir George Reid, are among the features of the exhibition. The foreigners are noteworthy contributors: M. Carolus-Duran, in particular, for his immense family canvases.



The bridge which is being constructed over the East River between New York and Brooklyn has been damaged by fire. The fire started at the top of a tower on the New York side, 355ft. high. Two foot-bridges suspended from the main cables were destroyed. The contractors, after a careful inspection of the place, state that the damage does not amount to more than 75,000 dolrs. None of the great cables have been injured. Work on the bridge will be delayed for at least four months. The new bridge, when finished will be a bigger affair even than the famous Brooklyn Bridge, which is nearly 6,000ft. long, including its approaches, with a central span of close on 1,600ft.

THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE AT NEW YORK, BADLY DAMAGED BY FIRE



BREAKING VIRGIN SOIL.



A SETTLER'S CAMP.



Each camp has two tents. That shown is the home of the first lady settler and her husband. She is Dutch, and her husband, whom she nursed when he was wounded in the war, is English. The tin shanty is their dining-room.

THE FIRST LADY SETTLER'S CAMP.



Fresh bread and fresh meat are issued to the settlers every two or three days, and groceries, such as tea, coffee, sugar, salt, bacon and jam (when procurable), every month.

ISSUING RATIONS.



THE SURVEYORS AND THEIR BLACK STAFF.



KAFFIR BOYS EMPLOYED IN HERDING GOATS AND SHEEP.

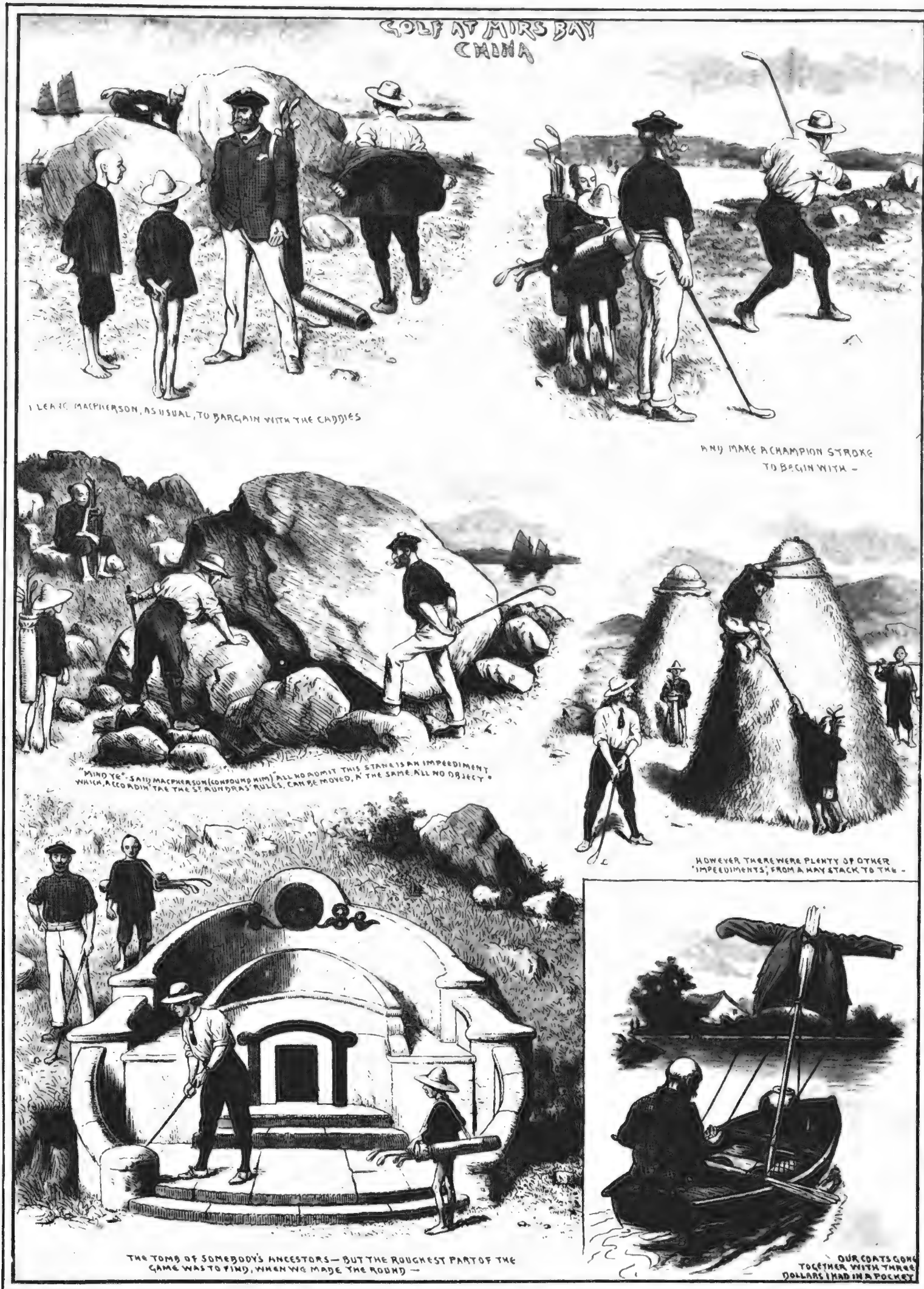
#### LAND SETTLEMENT IN THE TRANSVAAL: SCENES AT PIETERSBURG

THE above photographs were taken at Pietersburg, at the northern extremity of the railway. The settlement is situated on Government land, and is laid out in 100-acre farms, each with a good water supply. Two settlers farm 100 acres. Married couples and settlers who prefer to work by themselves take fifty acres each. Each two settlers have a plough, six horses, one set of six-span harness, two spades, two pickaxes, two axes, large and small, one saw, one hammer, one cooking-pot, two tents, one set of harrows,

&c., issued to them on arrival at the settlement, and rations for horses and men. They nearly all make further provision for themselves by erecting grass huts, which are cheaply and quickly made, and provide a cool shelter in the hottest weather. They are given as many seed potatoes and mealies as they can put into the ground, and also seed of onions, beans, tobacco, cucumbers, pumpkins, beets, and all kinds of vegetables. Incubators are in some cases supplied. At some of the other settlements,

Warmbaths, for instance, oxen are being used instead of horses, but it was found impossible to procure a sufficient supply of the former, as they are all required for the repatriation of the Boers. All nationalities are represented in the settlement—Dutch, English, Australian, New Zealander, American, Swedish, German and Cape Colony men. Our photographs are by A. Witherby Gale.





DRAWN BY W. HALSTON

FROM A SKETCH BY F. W. AIREY, R.N.

Of late, during the winter months, when the majority of ships return to Hong Kong to be refitted it has been the custom to send those not actually "in dockyard hands" round to Mirs Bay on the mainland - about thirty-six miles to the N.E. - where they can without interruption carry out their gunnery, torpedo, and other harbour drills. During their exile in this wild and desolate spot the officers of the different ships have spent their leisure hours in making a nine-hole golf links on Green Island. The country consists of nothing but huge boulders, rocks, stones, shrubs, and occasional Chinese graves;

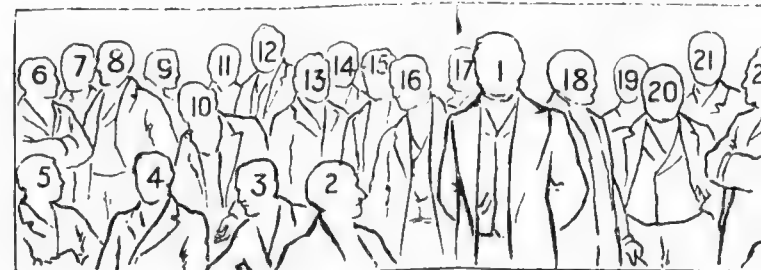
from which it may be concluded that these links, if not sporting, are, at least, trying to a tropical temper. The greens are in keeping with the rest of the ground, and the links at Aden are easy and simple compared to these. The Chinese "chilo" has very soon picked up the duties of caddy, at the exorbitant pay of five cents (a penny) the afternoon, and already he has mastered the words "puttah," "lobber," "blarsy," and "kee-kek."

WITH THE CHINA SQUADRON: THE JOYS OF GOLF ON GREEN ISLAND

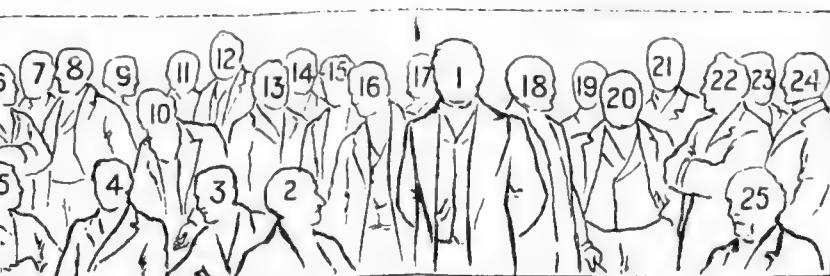


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2. Mr. Haden Corsor (Worship Street)
3. Mr. C. K. Francis (Lambeth)
4. Mr. A. R. Cluer (Worship Street)
5. Mr. G. Paul Taylor (Southwark)
6. Mr. Frederick Mead (Finsbury)

7. Mr. R. O. B. Lane, K.C. (West London)
8. Mr. John Dickinson (Thames)
9. Mr. R. E. C. Kettle (Greenwich)
10. Mr. Horace Smith (Westminster)
11. Mr. A. A. Hopkins (Lambeth)
12. Mr. E. Snow Fordham (North London)







13. Mr. James Shell (Westminster)
14. Mr. John Rose (West London)
15. Mr. J. R. W. Bros (Clerkenwell)
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17. Mr. Ernest Baggallay (Greenwich)
18. Mr. A. Chichele Plowden (Marylebone)

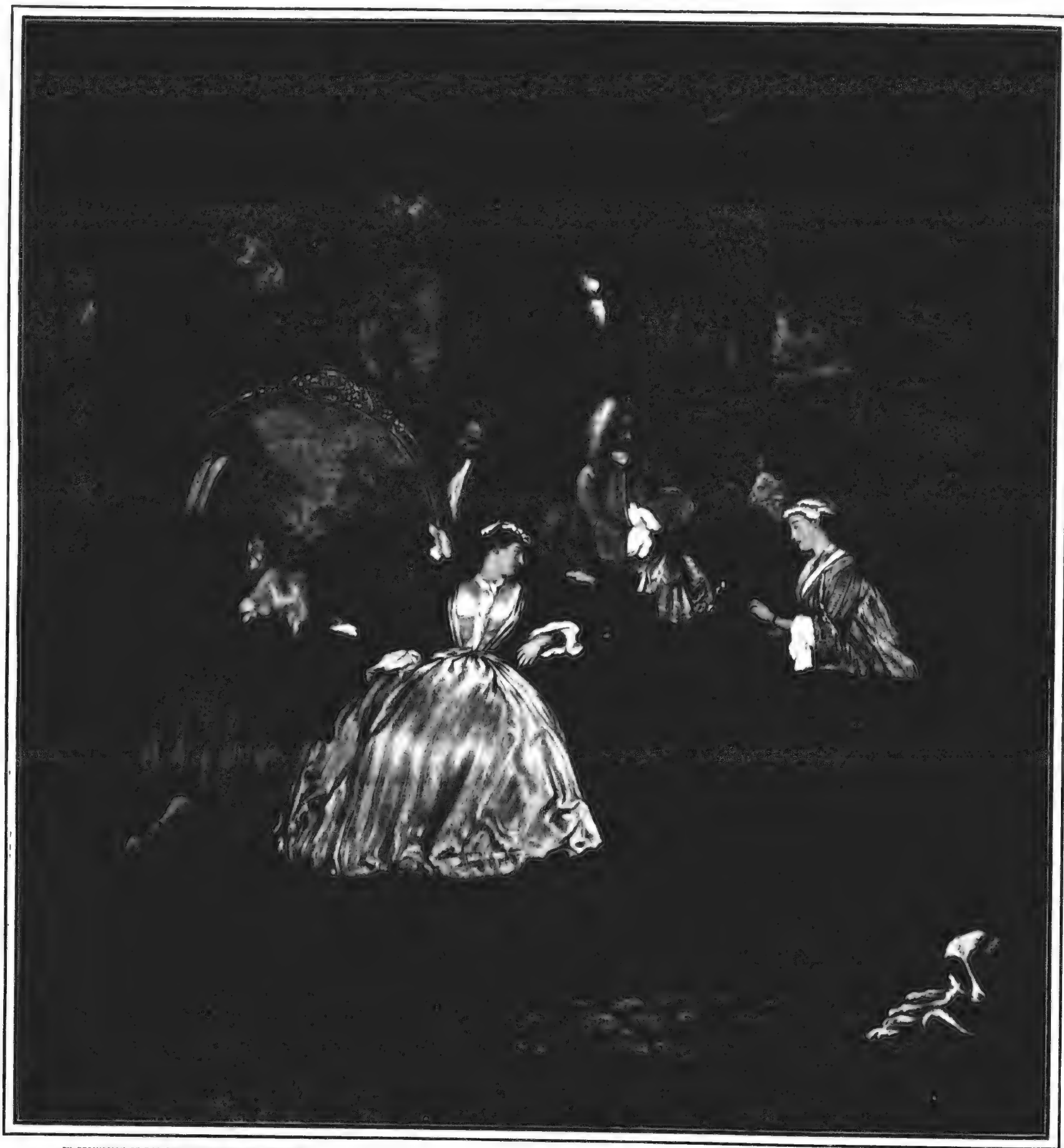
19. Mr. Cecil M. Chapman (Southwark)
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22. Mr. H. Curtis Bennett (Marylebone)
23. Mr. E. N. F. Fenwick (Bow Street)
24. Mr. E. W. Garrett (South Western)
25. Mr. R. H. B. Marsham (Bow Street)

THE METROPOLITAN MAGISTRATES









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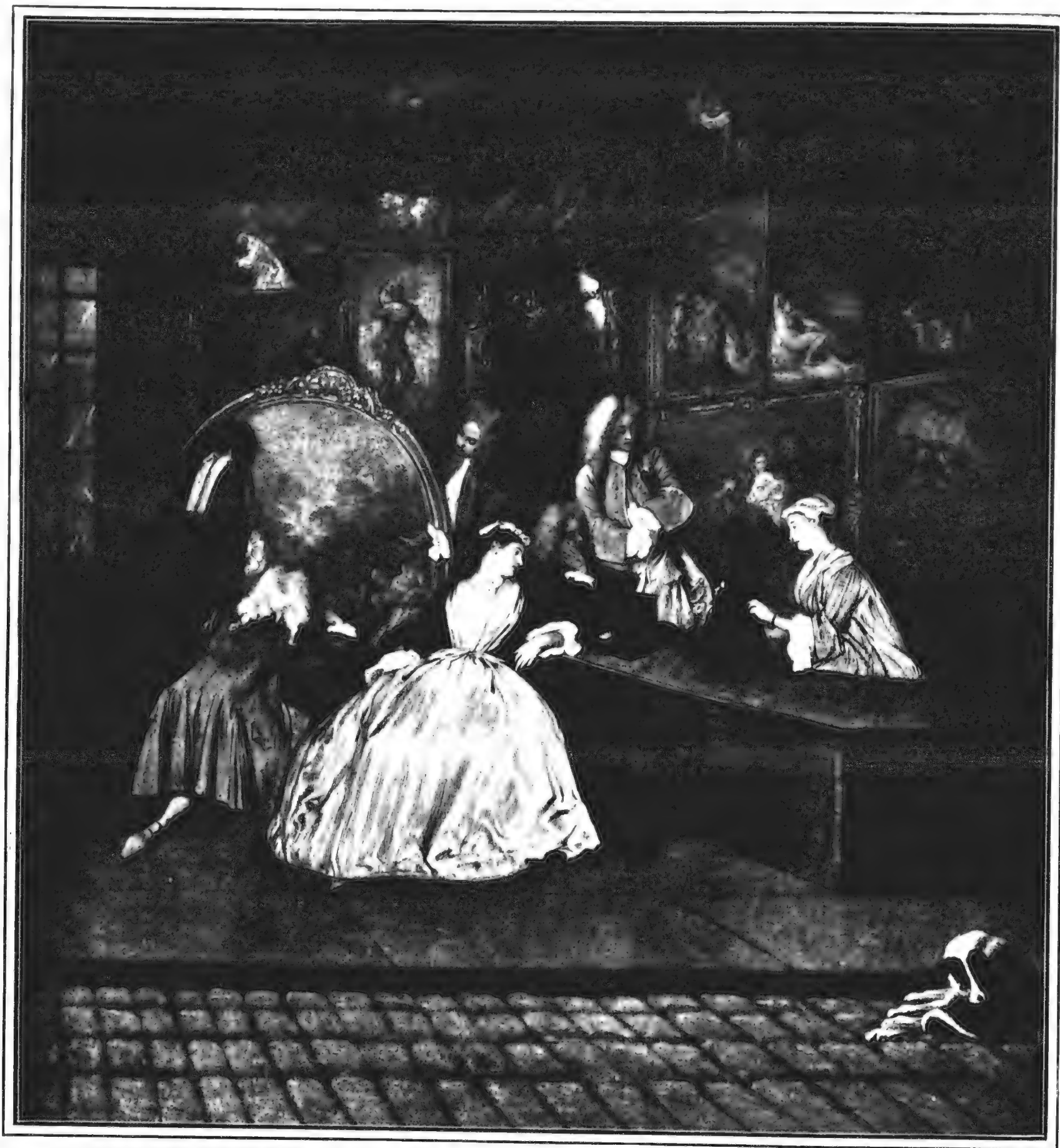
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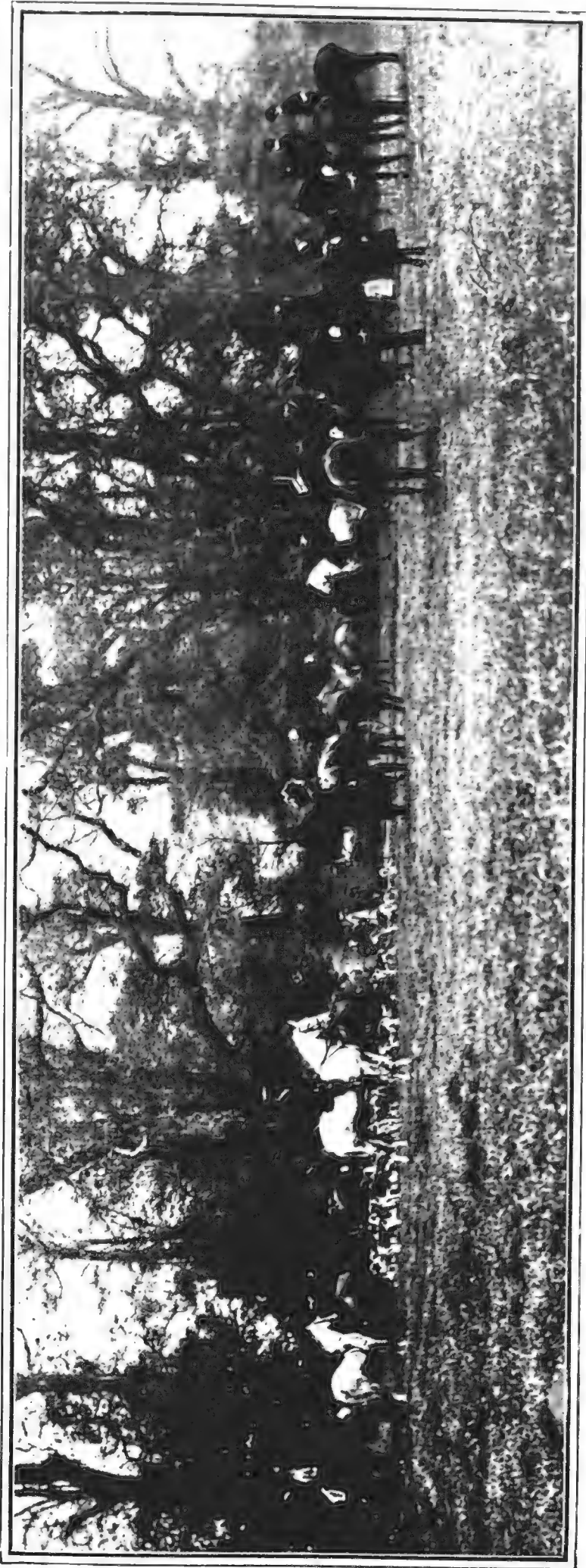


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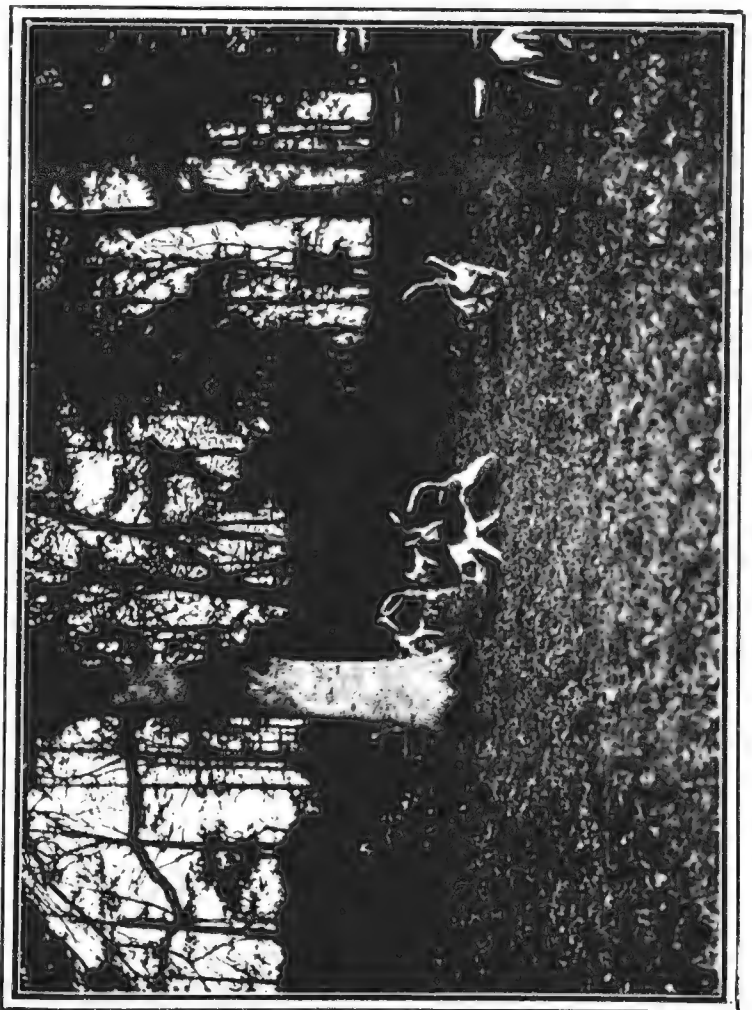
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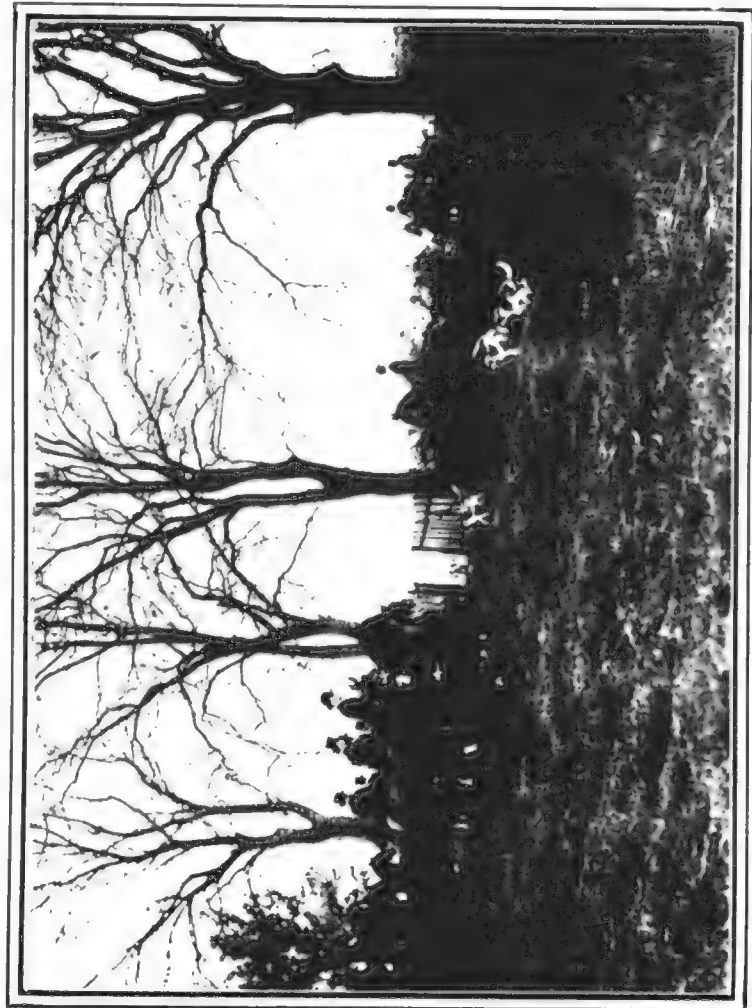




A MEETING OF THE BELVOIR HUNT



PICKING UP THE SCENT



MIND THE HOUNDS

THE FOX-HUNTING SEASON: A CRACK PACK AT WORK

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY ADEL GREVILLE

CHRISTMAS presents are already becoming a feature in the London shops. They are of all kinds, frequently expensive, generally useless, often cumbersome, and always bring with them the duty of reciprocity. For presents are no longer confined to members of one's family or one's intimate friends, but are spread over such a waste of slight acquaintance that they have grown into an incubus, a fresh horror added to the season of bills and Christmas boxes. People have not the courage to break loose from the custom, and yet they inwardly groan in spirit at the nuisance. The rich, of course, receive the most gifts, for they require them least; but their acquaintance comprises innumerable people who have dined or lunched or otherwise associated with them, and each feels that the tax of giving a present is expected of them. They know the presents are useless, that they are scarcely appreciated, that they will be relegated to a drawer, a cupboard, or the housekeeper's room eventually, but yet they give. They dare not be singular and come empty-handed.

The incongruousness of white elephant presents has been often exemplified by Royalty. I read that the Emperor of Germany once presented eight splendid Hungarian horses to a humble family who had not the means of keeping a stable, the Tsar sent a herd of deer to a nobleman who possessed no deer park, and the King of Saxony gave two young wild boars to a young lady, who knew not what to do with them until they were accidentally and happily killed.

Why should not unanimity prevail this Christmas, and men and women show moral courage enough to refuse to offer gold to the gilded, luxurious little toys to those who know not what to do with them, and restrict their benefits to those they love or pity, to the children, the wife, or the poor? This is to be a hard winter. The sufferings of the working people will be severe; fuel and provisions cost them more than they do the well-to-do. Let us be rigid, cut off all the useless presents, and give the money saved to those who need it. I prophesy we shall feel a virtuous satisfaction in the act.

The Mid Sussex Laundry at Lingfield, Surrey, founded by Lady Tankerville, assisted by charitable friends, bids fair to solve one of the tiresome problems of the housewife. In this laundry, which is one of several institutions of the same kind, are employed a very superior and better cultivated class of women, and the work is done by methods that are adapted to dainty fingers. Taste and skill are required in doing up fine articles—muslins, laces, etc.—and the workers who satisfy the manageress can always command good wages. The class of girl who goes as clerk or typewriter can here find easy and agreeable employment, and such good laundresses are constantly in demand. The whole aspect of the place, the cleanliness, the order, and the scientific methods employed appeal to the best and most refined class of girls, as do the cosy bedrooms and sitting-rooms supplied them by the management. Their hours of



The old Cloth Hall at Newbury, which as a memorial of the Coronation has been restored and converted into a local museum, was recently opened by the Master of the Clothworkers' Company. An interesting feature on view at the opening ceremony was the famous Newbury Coat, which, as the result of a wager, was made from the growing wool during the course of a summer day. On the morning of June 25, 1811, two Southdown sheep, the property of Sir John Throckmorton, Bart., who had made the bet, were shorn at Greenham Mills, near the town. The wool was washed and woven into cloth, which was dyed and then given to the tailors, nine of whom set to work and completed the coat soon after six in the evening the Baronet winning his bet by an hour or so. Our photograph is by T. C. Beynon.

NEWBURY CLOTH HALL

work are from eight a.m. to seven p.m., and in the evening they enjoy complete liberty; they play the piano, they cycle, and they can teach Sunday school. Here, indeed, is an admirable and practical plan of helping girls to help themselves.

The first case of the first lady lawyer who has appeared in Switzerland resulted in a perfect triumph for her at Zurich. Mme. Mackenrothe pleaded her case so eloquently and defended her client so skilfully in a hushed court that she appears to have surprised even the judge. The jury, without leaving the court, found for the defendant. Women counsel should be in great request, for the effect of a pretty face on a jury is well known, and for the future the court is liable to resemble the comic scene in *Trial by Jury*. Women are naturally eloquent, and there is no reason why they should not plead most effectually and make a great point of significant trifles, which may escape the eye of the shrewdest male.

I have not seen any comment on the fact that Miss M. C. Smith is the first woman to receive His Majesty's Order of the Imperial Service. She has been in the Savings Bank department of the Post Office for thirty years. The experiment of employing women in that department proved so successful that it opened the way, through Mr. Fawcett's influence, to their employment in the Post Office. Miss Smith, who began as one of twenty female clerks, has now over nine hundred women under her control. As the pioneer of her sex in that branch of work, Miss Smith well deserves the honour she has received.

## The Belvoir Hounds

THE fame of the Belvoir Hounds has been known to hunting men for over a hundred and fifty years, and during this long period the pack has always been in the family of the Dukes of Rutland. There was in one sense an interregnum. The Marquess of Granby being a minor, Lord Forester was appointed acting master for a short time; but as he did so well, and for family reasons, his reign lasted from 1830 to 1857. But the hounds were owned and kept by the Manners family until 1896, when the present Duke gave up the country, and Sir Gilbert Greenall, who had previously been hunting with the Cheshire, took the hounds, which, however, are still called "The Duke of Rutland's" on the cards. The Belvoir country extends into Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, and has much capital hunting ground in both countries; but the largest fields are seen on the Leicestershire side. The Dukes of Rutland have been very fortunate in their huntsmen. "Old Goosey" was quite in advance of his time as a hound-breeder; Will Goodall liked rather smaller hounds; Frank Gillard was succeeded by Ben Capell from the Blankney, and all these have worked hard to maintain the reputation of the pack; in fact there is scarcely a kennel in England which has not at one time or another resorted to the Belvoir pack for fresh blood, and the prize lists at Peterborough, with those at puppy shows, prove how much the Belvoir are in request. Our illustrations show some of the leading incidents at a recent meeting of the hounds. Mr. Cyril Greenall is a cousin of the master, and often takes command when the latter is obliged to be away, and at other times Sir Gilbert's brother-in-law, Mr. E. W. Griffith, takes his place. Lady Greenall was formerly Miss Griffith, daughter of Captain E. Griffith of Tiresford, near Tarporley, Cheshire. Mrs. Timson, Miss Reid, and Mr. Knowles are all well known at the covert-side.

## Music Notes

At the Savoy the regular company have resumed the run of *Meister Lieder* during the preparations for the production of Messrs. Hood and German's new opera, *The Princess of Kensington*. This, it is understood, is a fairy work, the Princess, indeed, being Kenna, the daughter of Oberon of fairy times. Kenna, who gave her name to Kensington, will be played by Miss Agnes Fraser. Oberon by her brother Alec, and the modern Puck, a comic part, will fall to Mr. Passmore. The concerts of the week have again been numerous. The Meiningen orchestra have closed their very interesting visit; but Herr Weingartner has come from Munich to conduct a Beethoven orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, and also to play this afternoon the pianoforte at the Saturday "Pops." For, besides being a great conductor, Herr Weingartner, some twenty years ago, was a pianoforte pupil of Liszt at Weimar. The Willy Hess Quartet have likewise returned.

Dr. Elgar made his first London appearance as conductor of a general programme at the Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall on Saturday. He hardly had a good chance in a mixed scheme of this sort, which included the rather abstruse love scene from Herr Richard Strauss's opera, *Elektra*, and five numbers from Humperdinck's new opera, *Der arme Heinrich*, which was produced at Frankfurt, with moderate success, last week. The music is more suitable to the stage than the concert room.

The Meiningen Orchestra, in the course of five concerts given during their first (and, it is feared, their last) visit to London, demonstrated the value of organisation, rehearsal, and long association. No doubt we have better individual players in this country; and at any rate the rather acid tone of the oboe, and the weakness of the strings, seemed to have struck some of the British hearers. The brass, too, was at first demonstrative, but in the course of the week the players evidently received a hint and moderated their vigour. The band, it seems, were not all Meiningeners, for the private orchestra of the Grand Duke is a comparatively small one, so that on tour the players are reinforced by colleagues from other German cities.

The Royal Academy students gave a chamber concert at St. James's Hall on Monday, the programme including new chamber works by Mr. Yorke Bowen and Mr. J. B. Dale, both students. Instead of the Saturday "Pops" we had at St. James's Hall a Ballad Concert under Messrs. Chappell's direction, the programme comprising a large number of songs, grave and gay, together with pianoforte pieces played by Madame Carreno and violin solos for M. Johannes Wolff. The Hans Wesseley Quartet and the Waldemar Meyer Quartet of Berlin have been with us, and Herr Foldesi has given his last 'cello recital, playing two movements of a concerto by Goltermann, and numerous pieces of display, in which this gifted performer is at his best. Madame Patti, at her only concert this season at the Albert Hall, was merely announced to sing three songs, including a melodious Serenade by Henri Herz, but, thanks to a liberal allowance of encores, the gifted prima donna sang no fewer than nine times, to the great delight of her audience. She was in excellent voice.



At Esher last week the Hon. H. B. Jeffroy, Agent-General for Western Australia, formally accepted from Mr. Allen Stoneham, of Surbiton, the gift of a marble statue of Queen Victoria for erection at Perth, Western Australia. It is the work of Mr. F. J. Williamson. Our photograph is by F. W. J. Fricker, Esher.

STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, TO BE ERECTED AT PERTH, W.A.



This statue of the King, by George Wade, has been presented by Mr. George W. Palmer, M.P., to the town of Reading. It is to be unveiled by Prince Christian next Wednesday. Our photograph is by Ernest H. Mills.

A PRESENTATION TO READING



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"AN AUTUMN TOUR IN WESTERN PERSIA."

This account of what might be called a circular tour in Western Persia has little value as a book of travel. As Lady Durand herself says: "The reader will not find in it the smallest reference to political questions, and it does not pretend to give any new information of value about the country." For all that the book is interesting, more particularly for the insight it gives one into Persian life and character. The journey itself was more or less uneventful, though the travellers experienced some difficulty and a good deal of discomfort when crossing the Bakhtiari Mountains. One of the objects of the journey was to visit a bridge that was being built over a ravine of considerable depth. At the time when Lady Durand was there, only the stone piers had been built, and she and her husband, the Right Hon. S. H. M. Durand, had to cross the river by means of a cradle, slung upon wire ropes which spanned the gulf from pier to pier—a proceeding which the writer by no means appreciated. The journey occupied eighty days, during which they marched over twelve hundred miles. The volume contains some interesting and amusing accounts of Persian customs. For instance, Lady Durand writes:

Kum is a favourite place of sanctuary, or "hast" as the Persians call it. It would be terrible sacrilege to injure anyone who had taken refuge there. This custom of taking hast has curious developments in Persia. Men who had a grievance used often to take hast under the British flag in the Legation garden, and it was contrary to the custom of the country to turn them out. Sometimes they remained for weeks. One man, I remember, came to our summer Legation at Gohlek. . . . We found him one evening, with a servant and various carpets and cooking arrangements, installed under the flagstaff in the main drive. This was inconvenient, so he was persuaded to remove to a shady spot under a big plane tree, where he remained for four months. There is no rain during the summer, and he was very comfortable. He planted a little garden of marigolds near a rivulet which flowed past his tree, perhaps to show he had come to stay.

Andrew Carnegie. "From Telegraph Boy to Millionaire." By Bernard Madsen. (Pearson.)

"An Autumn Tour in Western Persia." By E. R. Durand. (Constable.)



VISITING COSTUME IN BRIDGE CLOTH. The skirt is ornamented with three rows of chenille trimming and medallions. The bodice has a collarette trimmed with chenille to match, and the sleeves are the very latest style, with puffs of pale beige silk muslin.

A PRETTY VISITING COSTUME.  
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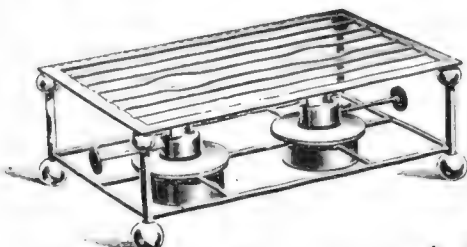
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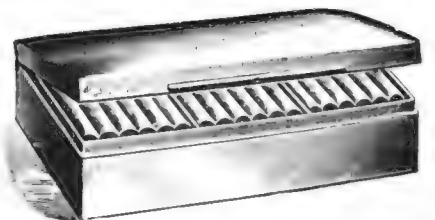
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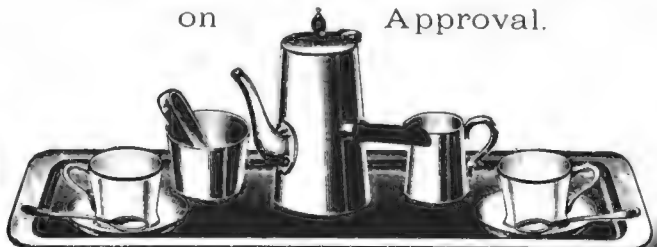
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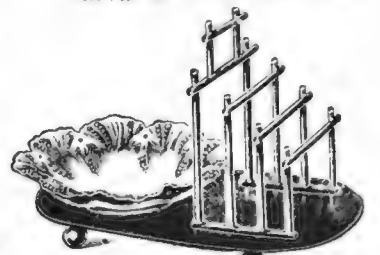
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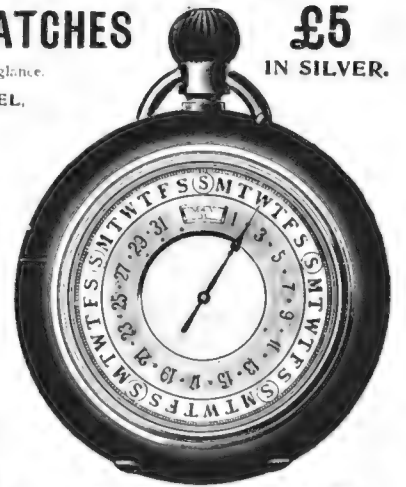
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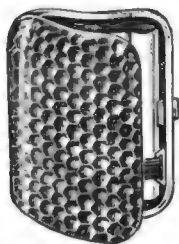
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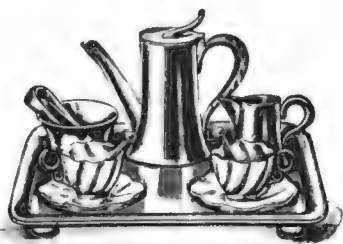
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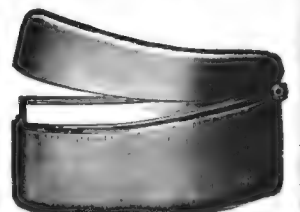
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## "MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN"

The period of Frances Aymar Matthews's story (Grant Richards)

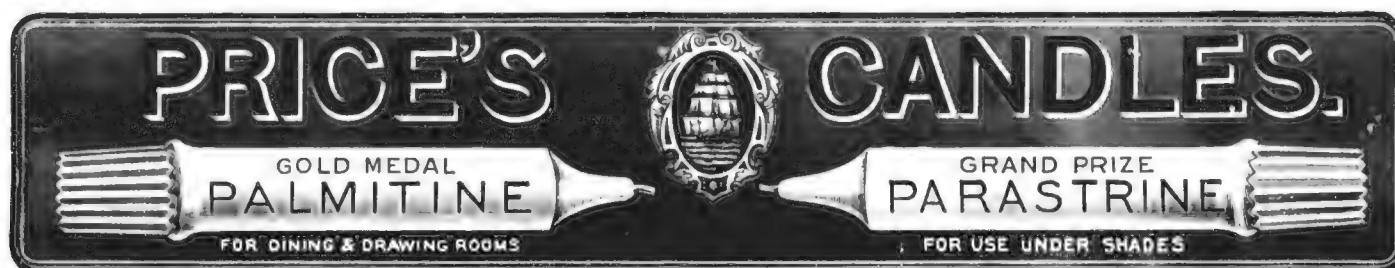
is something of a chronological puzzle. A song, "When George the Third was King," should place it not earlier than 1820; while the prominent part taken by Beau Brummell, at the zenith of his glory, does not antedate the song to an extent worth mentioning. But the occasional mention of the Colony of Virginia throws things considerably backward; and the description of London Bridge with its double row of houses makes it impossible for them to be later than the reign of George the Second. The general tone of talk and manners, with all the proper allusions to the Mohocks and the coffee-houses, belongs, however, rather to the days of Queen Anne; while other matters, including costume, point distinctly to those of the second Charles. But a band of forest outlaws takes us back at a bound to the times of Robin Hood and Sherwood, and when we are presently brought up by an Earl who sends for the local butcher to hang, off-hand, a person suspected of being a highway robber, and for a party of his friends to see the fun, we seem to be lost among the feudal mysteries of "Infangthief" and "Outfangthief," and give up, as a hopeless enigma, the question of when or where we are. That the person thus in peril is a young lady of quality, who has donned male attire for a freak, and that this same lady Peggy, among her other adventures, fights an impromptu duel with her lover in the character of his rival for her own heart and hand—such incidents as these will stamp the story as, to say the least, lively. A suspicion that Mrs. or Miss Matthews may have been trying to follow in the lines of the immortal "Strapmore" will now and then obtrude itself; but, on the whole, the more seriously her romance is taken, the more amusing it will be found.

## "BETTY'S HUSBAND"

"Pert; Pertinent; Impertinent"—to develop one of the author's own phrases quite in his, or her, own way—will amply summarise the quality of the anonymous "Betty's Husband" (Grant Richards). It is a volume of epigrams, generally obtained by the trick of turning platitudes inside out or upside down. They merit the middle epithet exceptionally well, inasmuch as they grow, apparently, with easy spontaneity, out of the talk of the various characters, and have a real bearing upon the development of character and situation. Candidly, however, it is the applicability of the two other epithets that make the novel amusing, and would have made it more entertaining still were it not that nearly four hundred pages of such battledore and shuttlecock of repartee are rather a strain upon the nerves. The story is, no doubt, intentionally both slight and sordid—that of a man who marries a rich woman at the bidding of his mistress for the benefit of the latter. That the wife's affection is angelic enough to be proof against her discovery of such a transaction comes as something of a shock. But, after all, the plot is a small matter. Like a certain sort of society comedy, the whole interest centres upon the dialogue—in fact we seem to see the players standing in the conventional row behind the footlights tossing and catching their phrases so deftly that the smile of the audience is always at least three quips behind. Anybody who has not had enough of that sort of play will extend his liking to this really smart and clever piece of acting off its native stage.

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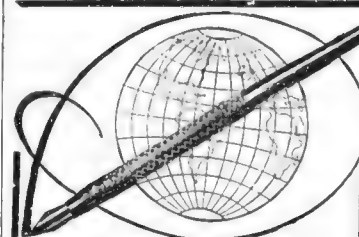
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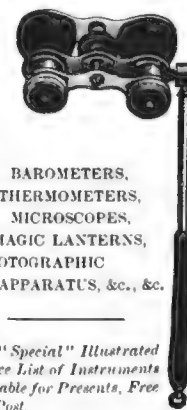
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## An Artistic Causerie

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It is one of the wonders of the day—a wonder even to those who live in the world of art and books—the flow of volumes on the arts which continues in an endless stream from the press: books on art, biographies, criticisms, handbooks, and instruction books, books for the gallery-visitor and for the tourist, catalogues, periodicals, books for the million and for the few, books in which the illustrations illustrate the text, and books in which the text writes up to the illustrations, albums, toy-books, books for the collector, the connoisseur, and the art-dealer—a multitude never-ending, good, bad, and nothing to trouble about. And all this production seems to be taken up by the public without demur—indeed, to be welcomed—and none but a few are destined for the ultimate indignity of sale as a “remainder.” The “processes,” improving year by year, have rendered all this possible; and if they have not greatly advanced the art of the nation, they have helped to develop an intelligent interest in it.

It is on no recent “process” that the noble tome on “Hogarth” depends. This splendid volume, which Mr. Heinemann has put forth on the same scale, and with the same artistic excellence, as distinguished Sir Walter Armstrong’s great monographs, relies on the fine printing of the Ballantyne Press, and, in the main, on

nothing more recent than photography. But these plates give us for the first time reproductions from certain of Hogarth’s paintings themselves—not, as in nearly all cases in the past, transcripts from engravings. Such, I believe, is the series of the “Rake’s Progress,” and “Duke of Cumberland as a Boy,” and others belonging to Sir Charles Tennant. Here for the first time in any book does Hogarth receive the fullest justice that black-and-white can give him—in picture, engraving, and drawing too. What could be more delightful than the “Scene from ‘The Indian Emperor,’” or the “Hogarth’s Sister,” in the National Gallery—and how many people have ever seen fine reproductions of them?

Of the text little need here be said, partly because Sir Walter Armstrong’s introduction on Hogarth as an artist is controversial, but full of original suggestion. The bulk of the book consists of Mr. Austin Dobson’s well-known brilliant and well-informed essay, and Mr. Dobson is acknowledged as the best informed expert on Hogarth, his life, paintings, and engravings. Nothing could be better than this monument to the founder of the English school of painting; but it would be a valuable concession if these indispensable volumes were published on a smaller scale to meet the needs of the ordinary man with the ordinary bookcase.

Reynolds, whom Sir Walter Armstrong (together with Mr. Heinemann) treated in a fashion similar to this Hogarth, a year or two ago, is the subject of three volumes this season. That by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower (issued by Messrs. Bell and Sons) is a

plain, sympathetic, and thoroughly intelligent recital of the facts of Sir Joshua’s life, more or less based on former biographers, and very pleasantly arranged. Those who dislike profound criticism on the one hand, and speculative writing on the other, will be glad to welcome this volume. The main interest of it, from the point of view of novelty, consists in the pictures here reproduced from the canvases themselves—the pictures of Lord Spencer, Lord Chesham, and others, the early drawings belonging to Lady Colomb, and so forth—a revelation for the ordinary reader to be thankful for.

Sir Joshua appears as the subject of yet another biography, this time by Miss D’Este-Keeling (Walter Scott Publishing Co.). Not only is it conscientiously done and pleasantly written, but the writer has undertaken the gracious task of “defending” the artist’s personal character against the strictures passed on it. By all means let us accept Miss Keeling’s view, and inquire no further—in public; it is the more generous if not the more judicious plan. It is doubtful if the short chronology, the list of pictures in public galleries in London, and the like, will be, as the author anticipates, “of use to the student”; these things should be done thoroughly, or let alone. The plates are numerous, but they are not from the pictures, but from engravings; they are useful to show the designs, but do not help one to understand the painting.

Turner, like Reynolds, is the subject of more than one biographical essay this autumn. Sir Walter Armstrong’s great pictorial study may be spoken of later. The “Turner” of Mr. Chignell

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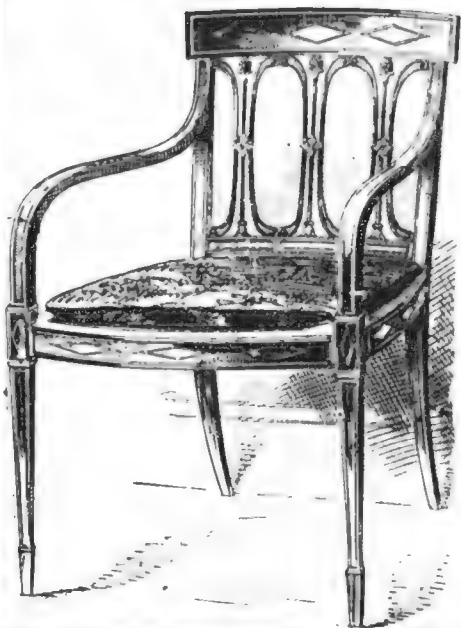
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(Walter Scott Company) has the same disadvantage as the "Reynolds" just discussed—that the plates are not from the pictures themselves, so that it almost looks as though Turner always painted in steel engraving or mezzotint. This book, like the "Reynolds," is confessedly written, in part, to reinstate Turner's position. This series, therefore, might almost be called the "Magnificent Edition." It is a kindly idea, but is it really necessary? Even if Turner were (I don't say he was) a little more of a painter than some of us, it is only a matter of degree—and has it affected his position as an artist and an Englishman? Mr. Chignell's book is a good deal the best of the series.

Other art biographies are published by Duckworth's—convenient little pocket volumes, well illustrated, adequately written, and intelligently edited. Mr. Eckenstein writes on Dürer; but he does not hope to give us anything new. Miss Black's book on "Fred Walker" is marred by exaggerated enthusiasm. Without depreciating the great achievement of the artist in his own work, or the great debt under which he laid the English School,

one can hardly, without jeopardising any reputation for judicial moderation, attribute Walker, as it were, in a Phidias's toga (if he wore one).

While the Wallace Collection is giving years of anxious thought to the "cradle-keeper," Mr. Claude Phillips, whose great catalogues are engaging his attention, others are occupying themselves with this wonderful treasure-house of art. A couple of years ago an art-writer, who shall be nameless, brought out a little handbook on the collection. Mr. Temple is engaged on a huge picture album, which is to be superbly produced. Monsieur Molinier is devoting his unrivalled knowledge to the objects of art, and the first part is already out. For the general public, a collection of capital colotypes has been issued by Messrs. Pearson, which, better than the text that accompanies them, include twenty "masterpieces." It is a pity that Heilbuth's and Delacroix's works are included in designation, for it suggests a depreciation in critical value of the whole work. But this is a picture-book which can hardly fail to send its readers to the gallery; and that is something gained.

## Rural Notes

### THE SEASON

WINTER swooped down on Europe last week like an eagle from the North, and not a meteorologist from Helsingfors to Naples was there to give us four-and-twenty hours' warning of a change in temperature which amounted to twenty degrees over an area of three million miles. The English office of meteorology may well remain with native downrightness that "almost anything may happen." All we can suggest is that, in Darwinian phrase, an excessive tendency to variation is itself an indication of some value, and that from the possibility of colossal atmospheric changes occurring in silence and secrecy, as it were, we may at least learn certain scientific facts out of which useful discoveries may in the end come.

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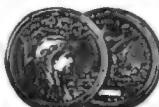


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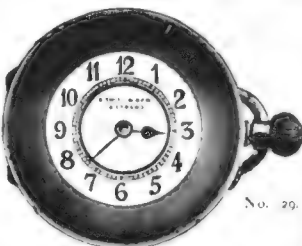
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These displays of animals are marked by much less obesity

than of yore, and early maturity is now the goal of the breeder, not size or fat. The Norwich show begins the series of early winter displays which has Birmingham for its central and Smithfield for its culminating event. "Smithfield" this year begins on December 8, and Earl Spencer is the president. The main entries are very satisfactory, and comprise 262 cattle, 165 pens of three sheep, seventy-three pens of two pigs, and twenty-eight single pigs. Carcasses include fifteen cattle and thirty-seven sheep and are a section which, though the reverse of spectacular, is of the highest utility. Poultry for the table is a section showing over ten per cent. shrinkage, and one fears that the Frenchman, the Dane, and even the Russian, are cutting in on our Xmas poultry market very seriously. Norfolk farmers assure us that they cannot fatten geese against the Baltic competition, or turkeys to compete with France, which is not any earlier, but having a more genial climate, can get an equal amount of flesh on to birds at a less feeding cost than by our bleak northern sea.

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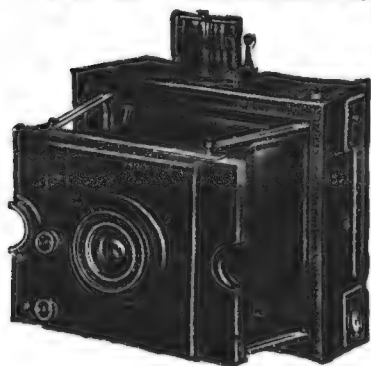
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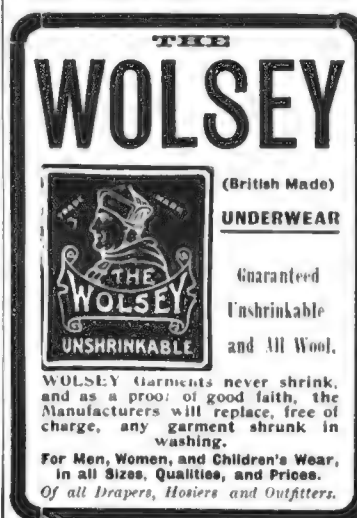
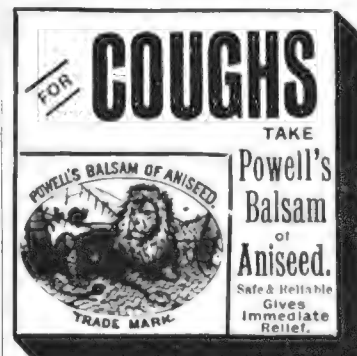
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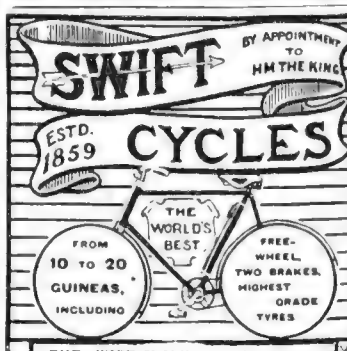
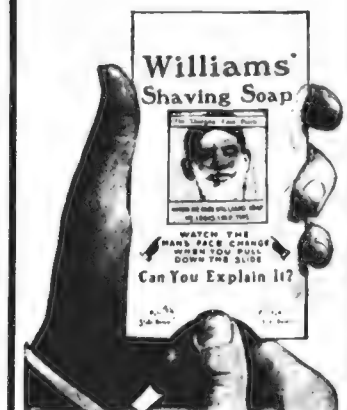
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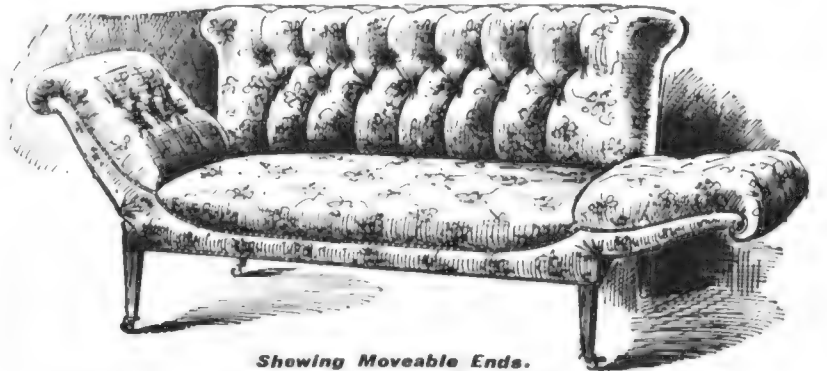
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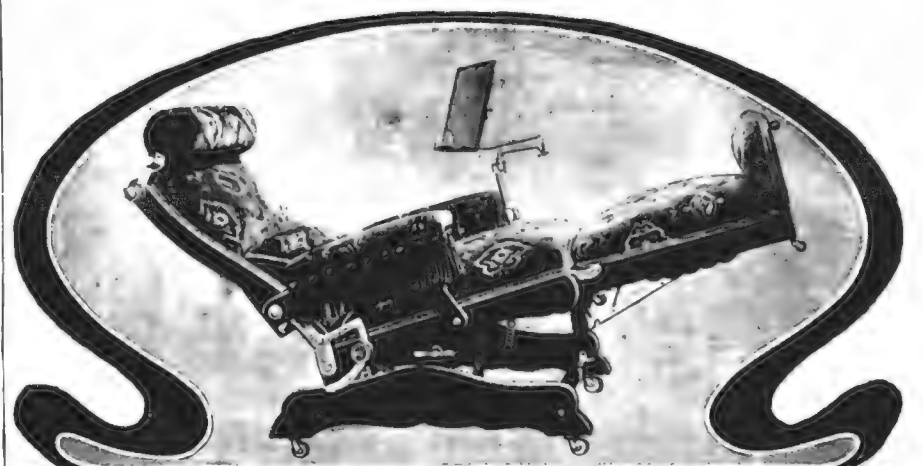
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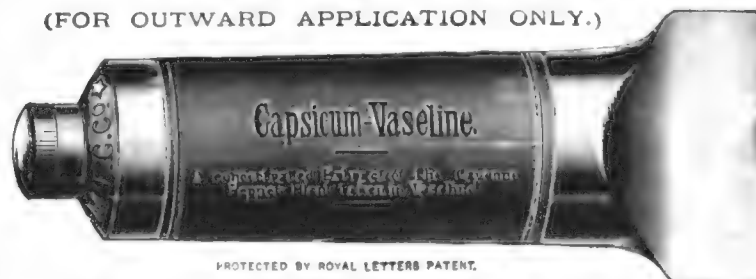
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